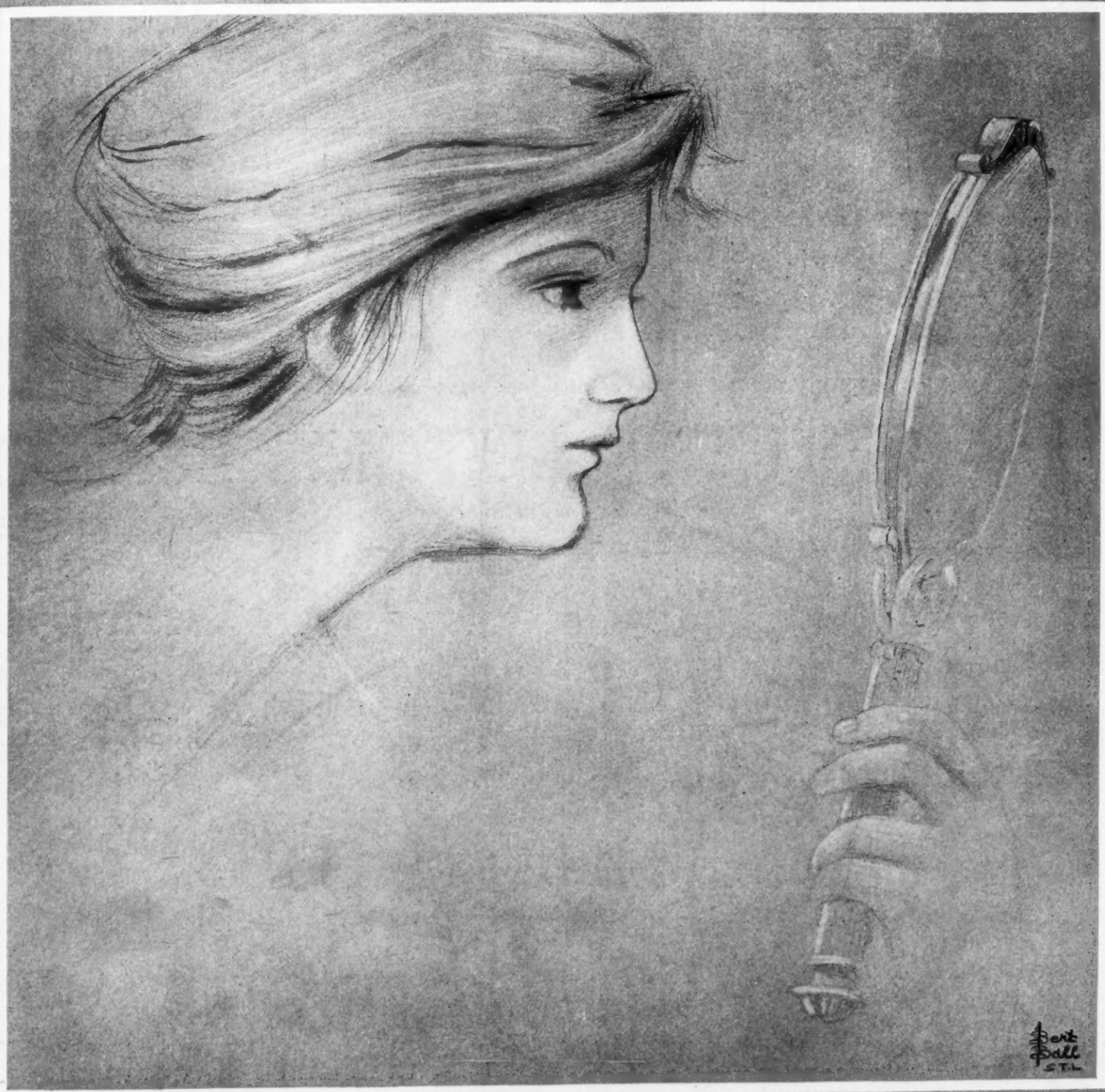


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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What's the Matter With Ferries?

By W. M. R.

THIS dispatch appeared in the morning papers of Thursday, October 26th:

NEW YORK, October 25.—One of New York city's most conspicuous adventures in municipal ownership was inaugurated to-day when the new ferry line between the battery and Staten Island was put into operation. It is owned and operated by the city, and its five ferry boats are the largest in New York harbor, aggregating in value nearly \$2,000,000. They replace the antiquated private ferry line, against which there was great protest. The new service was started with ceremony, Mayor McClellan and 4,000 guests making the first trip.

And here is St. Louis howling against the bridge arbitrary and talking of building a free bridge.

If a wagon bridge will solve the problem of the bridge arbitrary, why will not a municipal ferry solve it better?

The cost of three or five ferry boats would be less than the cost of a bridge. By means of ferries freight could be brought between points in North and South St. Louis and East St. Louis. This

would save time in the distribution of freight on this side.

If New York can go into the municipal ferry business St. Louis can do likewise. A municipal ferry would not be expensive to maintain. It would bring down bridge rates at once.

Here's a solution of the so-called Terminal difficulty pat to the hands of those who want to lift the embargo off St. Louis commerce.

A municipal ferry is the thing we want and the thing we can get for a small expenditure, and get it quick. We could have the ferries in operation inside of eighteen months, and at the use of the merchants and manufacturers.

Why do the advocates of abolishing the arbitrary ignore the plain and simple remedy of establishing municipal ferries? There is not one difficulty in the way of the ferry scheme, where there are ten in the way of a bridge enterprise, and ten thousand in the way of a tunnel under the river.

The ferry is the thing! Let's have it. It is not too antiquated for New York, and it shouldn't be for us.

Next Tuesday's Elections

By W. M. R.

NEXT Tuesday's elections in various States and cities are of more importance than ordinary off-year contests. They will wind up unusually hot campaigns in nearly all of which the issue is Reform, or its alias—Roosevelt!

In Massachusetts the Republicans will try to elect a successor to W. L. Douglass, who won as a Democrat in the same election in which Roosevelt carried the State by a whopping majority. The issue with the Republicans is, ridiculously enough, the tariff. That was Gov. Douglass' issue last November, but what elected Douglass was his "fairness" in the view of organized labor. It is probable the Republicans will win in Massachusetts. Both sides appeal to Roosevelt.

There's a contest in Virginia that is purely perfunctory upon the part of the Republicans. Politicians outside that State are paying no attention to it.

In Rhode Island, a red-hot reformer, Dr. L. F. C. Garvin, is running as a Democrat for a job in which he will be helpless, if elected. He was Governor once before, but the office counts for nothing. The Rhode Island ring ruled by Senator Aldrich has the State cinched in a thousand ways. Still, there has been a revolt against the ring rule since Lincoln Steffens showed it up in *McClure's*, and the friends of Gov. Garvin cherish a little hope. Dr. Garvin is a single taxer, and a believer in the initiative and referendum. He will probably be beaten, though with a showing of great gains. Garvin and his supporters claim they fight a part of the great battle for right, waged by Roosevelt.

In Philadelphia the fight is between Mayor Weaver

and the gang that has made the city the most corrupt municipality in the country for thirty years. Weaver will probably win, as the people have been aroused against the gang, almost to the point of organizing lynching bees against the ringsters. If the ring should be beaten in Philadelphia it will materially weaken the State ring, against which Wanamaker has made war for so long. In the Weaver campaign the cry is for the party to get in line with Roosevelt.

In New Jersey there is to be an election that will determine the character of the Legislature which will have to elect a successor to United States Senator Dryden. This Dryden is an insurance magnate, and he is under a cloud because of that fact, and the further circumstance that Tom Lawson has dragged him into the story of Amalgamated in no pleasant way as a big fixer. A young man named Colby is leading a reform fight here in the name of Roosevelt. And Dryden is for nationally regulated insurance *a la* Roosevelt.

Ohio has a big fight on. Myron T. Herrick, a weak brother generally, is renominated for Governor by the Republicans. He is opposed by John H. Pattison, Democrat. There is an issue of saloon regulation involved in the fight. Pattison favors a "lid." This will get him thousands of rural Republican votes. It will cost him thousands of Democratic liquor votes. Senator Foraker, supporting Herrick, has attacked Roosevelt's rate regulation proposal. Secretary Taft, also supporting Herrick, has defended the President but unmercifully flayed the big Cincinnati boss, George Cox, in a way to drive that man to knife Herrick. The Republican majority in Ohio is so

big that even with all the quarrels in the Republican party, the religious anti-liquor sentiment and the fierce campaign of the opposition generally, there is small prospect of Pattison's success. Herrick claims the support of Roosevelt. Pattison points to the fact that the lid was put on New York by Roosevelt.

In Maryland the big fight is over an amendment to the Constitution that shall disfranchise the negroes. This is Senator Gorman's pet measure. His Democratic Senatorial colleague, Senator Rayner, however, is openly fighting the amendment, and so is Governor Warfield. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte has appeared for the administration against the amendment. The fight is, in reality, a fight against Gormanism, and unfortunately there is more hope than faith that he will be the loser. Rayner fights with Bonaparte, and both unite in telling the people that they align themselves as they do to be in harmony with Roosevelt.

In New York City Tammany has tempted Fate by renominating Geo. B. McClellan for Mayor. Further, it refused to renominate W. Travers Jerome for District Attorney, because he was an independent, and the gamblers didn't want him. The Republicans resurrected a man named Ivins, and nominated him for Mayor as a sort of forty-second choice. They, too, obedient to the gamblers' wish, wouldn't put Jerome on their ticket. Then the Municipal Ownership people nominated Hearst as a protest against both the Democratic and Republican machines, and the high financial crooks as controllers. Hearst wasn't much feared at first, but now he has Tammany badly scared. Disgruntled Democrats and Republicans alike turn to Hearst. All the discontent of Gotham is with him, all the people who are disgusted by the insurance steals, gas steals, shipping swindles, etc. Jerome's independent candidacy helps Hearst, even though Jerome is not on Hearst's ticket. Tammany is not thoroughly loyal to McClellan. Republican revolt against Boss Odell is strong. The poorer people are all for Hearst. It looks very much as if Hearst will, at least, beat McClellan out of the election, if he cannot win himself. The clamor over Jerome's treatment by the party rings may elect Jerome. But Tammany relies on its cinch, even while it shakes. Things are so fixed that the machines may count out both Hearst and Jerome, no matter how many votes they may get. All the candidates claim, more or less openly, that their purposes are such as would commend themselves to Roosevelt.

In San Francisco Republicans and Democrats have combined to defeat Schmitz, a Labor candidate controlled by a Republican boss in the interest of a wide-open town. It is a fight between a mild "lid" and wide-openness, between Unionism and the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, with the fusion candidate, Partidge, talking the non-partisanism of graft and pointing in support of his promises and purposes to his determination to follow the illustrious example of Roosevelt.

If Hearst should be elected Mayor of New York he will be a Democratic presidential possibility. So, too, will Mr. McClellan. Ditto Mr. Jerome, if he should be re-elected Circuit Attorney. Either one of them might march to the Presidency by way of Albany.

There's a man at Jefferson City praying none of 'em may win. His name is Folk. He doesn't want any possibilities cutting in on his path to the presidency and blocking him.

If Hearst should win the Mayoralty in New York on his present fight, the result would be, probably the adoption of the public ownership programme as a

National Democratic issue. It would have a great start after winning out in Chicago and New York.

If Pattison should win in Ohio—but what's the use of anticipating such remote contingencies as that? Still, any old contingency may hold a Democratic possibility for President.

Mr. Bryan is in Fair Nippon—out of the muss and muddle. He waits upon events.

Roosevelt! He is the soul of each and all the fights—and on the right side. He dominates all parties and factions. His principle and practice are the touchstone of the time.

Up from and out of the melee looms the fact that the travail is one of a moral renaissance in politics, and the further fact that Roosevelt is the greatest, the most inclusively dominant personal force this country has known since Lincoln.

Reflections

Dawn in Muscovy

GREATEST Boss in the world, Czar Nicholas, hearkening to the mutterings of the people in their wrath, has abdicated his autocracy and "conceded" them their rights. Russia is to have a constitutional government. The last absolutism of the civilized world is fallen. The Caesar of the North, puny descendant of a mighty line, holds but the shadow of authority, and even this must in time pass from him and leave to the long oppressed millions of moujiks the realization of their destinies under the inspiration of freedom. They come into their long denied heritage, as a result of the triumphant rise of a pagan people against aggrandizement of the Romanoff. The Japanese who died in Manchuria died for the men they marched out to slay. The constitution is given the Russian masses by the man who was influenced in America to make peace with the men of Nippon. Witte compelled the Czar to the concessions that approximate the ideals of the nation that speaks in and through Roosevelt. The people of the earth are bound together in their fates, and the genius of the people decrees the end of kings. They slip and fade from their thrones. Edward, Alfonso, William, Humbert, Franz Joseph—the rising tide of democracy is gradually engulfing them all. The millenium is not come in Russia by any means. Rough and bitter is the way to freedom even after a nation's feet have been set upon the path aright. It must work out its salvation, and conquer itself after it has conquered its tyrants. Russia starts with much experience of the self-rule of other people to draw on. It may avoid many mistakes, profit by many experiments that have failed. Russia will go farther finally in democracy than the existing democracies have gone, for Russian thinkers have pursued the logic of democracy almost to the ultimate, and those who follow them will undoubtedly come in time to a larger liberty than we have known, for their tendency is to strike down and wipe out the fundamental tyranny of government, the custom that the strong or wily few shall live upon the labor of the many by gathering to themselves the land out of which the many live. There must be an end of this reaping of those who never have sown. The coming newest democracy will, if we mistake not the note of Russian literature, art and religion, voicing not only thought, but feeling, emphasize the fact, patent from the beginning, but obscured by craft and selfish guile, that the land belongs to no man; "it is the original inheritance of the whole species."

H. SAM PRIEST denounces Folk. Only the spitting of the CAT.

❖❖

We fear that, politically, ex-Gov. Dockery's last wink is wunk.

❖❖

Our Municipal Owner

MR. JAMES CAMPBELL is back again in our midst after touring Europe in his 60 horse power Mercedes. Upon his return we discover that he owns a franchise for a third bridge across the river. How good it is may be imagined from the fact that he has given eleven options upon it, and each time kept the earnest money. Anything Mr. James Campbell is willing to sell and can't sell can't be worth very much as a proposition out of which capital looking for return upon its investment could make money. Therefore, we may fairly argue, the third bridge proposition—and a free bridge at that—can't be a very good thing for the community. It is pleasant to know that our friend Jim never disappoints us. We feared that there was something in this neck of the woods that he doesn't own—except the MIRROR—but we are agreeably mistaken. We thought that the bridge possibility had been overlooked by the rotund twinkling, square-jawed, shoulder-hitting little man in the Rialto Building, but that only shows how we underestimated him. No bet on the board escapes him. He owns most of the United Railways, electric light, gas, telephone, Frisco and Rock Island, Mercantile Trust, Bank of Commerce, and every other stock in town, to say nothing of several hundred politicians in both parties, lawyers till you can't rest, real estate by the quarter section, and Lord knows what else. And it doesn't seem to rest heavy upon his mind at all. Nothing seems to worry him except being caught doing a nice turn for somebody without that somebody's knowing it. Blow that on him and he's madder at you about it than if you caught him going across the bridge at midnight with the City Hall under his arm and the Court House on his back. He owns so doggone much that he disappoints in another direction. He isn't owned by what he owns. He's one of about three men in St. Louis who own themselves, and are not dictated to by anybody. It is said in some places that the genial James "owns the MIRROR." There are times when he wishes to God he did. Also there are times when we wish it, because then he could pay the bills. It's good to see Jim back, though. He's a genuine sort, never pretending to what he isn't, never explaining, never apologizing, standing up to any rack of criticism, never capitulating, taking what he gets as nonchalantly as he takes what he wants, and making no concessions to hypocrisy. He's worth a whole hall full of best citizens who are compromising on the quiet with the things they complain about or denounce. Jim won't be canonized next week, nor maybe next year, but he's a strong man whose only queer fault is that he is ashamed not of his virtues, but of appearing to pride himself on what he ought to have a good deal more of.

❖❖

OUR Rolla is just about the right size to be Mayor of Rolla, Mo.

❖❖

IN going to the bottom of the insurance graft there seems to me no getting past the top.

❖❖

Soaking the Brewers

WAS the Beer Inspector of St. Louis ever officially inside of one of the St. Louis breweries? Does he stamp the beer at the breweries? Don't the brewers simply send him a large cheque every little while, and then he destroys a lot of stamps to the amount

of the cheque? The law doesn't say that such is the way to inspect beer. Beer Inspection is a fake, but the tax on beer will be increased in Missouri just the same, if present political plans can be put through in the next session of the State Legislature.

♦♦

MR. HEARST'S vote for Mayor of New York will be a rest of the circulation of his papers. We hope it comes within at least a quarter of a million of the figures in his circulation manager's affidavits.

♦♦

Look Out for Earthquakes

THERE'S an ominous lull in the vicinity of one Joseph Ramsey, Jr. Perhaps the seismic disturbances there have transferred their activity to the neighborhood of Attorney General Hadley. Mr. Hadley may break out and shake the Gould Railroad scheme in Missouri off its foundations, as he has certainly jarred the Standard Oil structure of law-evasion. Mr. Hadley improves on acquaintance. He's not a penny squib, but a real volcano.

♦♦

Secretary Loeb

MR. LOEB, Secretary to President Roosevelt, is coming in for some nasty criticism and heavy caricaturing. This is a sure sign that he knows his job and fills it properly. Mr. Loeb is a worthy successor of Cortelyou, even if he be not so super-smooth as that gentleman was under McKinley. Cortelyou was never secretary to a combination of Briaricus, Argus, Mezzofanti, Proteus and a steam-engine and encyclopaedia. Mr. Loeb is all right. He's never out of sorts, always keeps his temper, and he plays no favorites with the journalists. If he got all the compliments that are due him for tact and aplomb and general efficiency, the vocabulary of eulogy would be exhausted. He's the only man in the world who can keep up the pace with his boss, and that's enough to entitle him to a monument six hundred and seventy-three feet high.

♦♦

OUR gifted fellow townsman, Henry M. Blossom, is going to Abyssinia to get material for a play. How wasteful of energy! Why not work over Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" with a few race-course and Rialto gags? He needn't be afraid. Hall Caine is said still to contemplate doing the Four Gospels into a Manx melodrama.

♦♦

It is stoutly denied that automobiles are becoming cheaper. The same as to funerals. There is no chauffeur the poor man in this world.

♦♦

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS is doing quite well with his Presidential boom. It's almost a year since he was elected, and we can still recall his name without recourse to the World Almanac.

♦♦

Ellis Wainwright Come Home

ELLIS WAINWRIGHT should come back from Paris, and he should *not* be prosecuted. He should not come back in any such way that may be twisted to appear that he is to give great gifts to art and charity in consideration of not being prosecuted. He should come back because he wants to, and not with any atonement offering in his hand. Mr. Wainwright should not be prosecuted, because the man who was indicted for the same act with him was prosecuted and, upon the full presentation of the State's evidence, was acquitted by order of the trial judge. The two men indorsed a note which was made by other persons to raise money to boodle a franchise through the Municipal Assembly. They indorsed at the same time under exactly the same

circumstances, and were in equal ignorance of the purpose for which the money borrowed upon the note was to be used. If one was not guilty, the other is innocent. Mr. Wainwright should come home and leave the matter to the fairness of the court, and of public opinion. He can do so without fear of the consequences. As to what he may or will do in the way of encouraging certain enterprises he alone should be left to determine. All this talk about what he will do for the Public Museum looks as if the indictment against him were being used as a blunderbuss at his head to force him to do things which, if done in that way, would lose their merit. We don't have to "hold him up" or "shake him down" for gifts. We had not to do it before he became involved in the trouble that caused his exile. He was a good and generous citizen then, and trouble only makes a real good man better. It's a small man that a streak of bad fortune embitters, and there's nothing small about Ellis Wainwright. Let him come back, not by virtue of our pitiful permission, but as a man who has a right to come back, as a matter of justice, not of mercy with a mercenary motive behind it. We want him, if he comes, because he will be a useful citizen, and we base our reason for this on the fact that he was a useful citizen before he went away. Why shouldn't he come back? He has been convicted of nothing. His innocence, on the other hand, has been established in the establishment of the innocence of another man identically implicated with him in a joint act. He has been vindicated, and to put him on trial would be to pillory him unnecessarily and unjustly. This community can afford to deal squarely with him, even if—not because—he has a lot of money.

♦♦

HERR DOKTOR BARTHOLDT advances by degrees in the direction of doom. It now seems impossible that he can escape a Republican nomination for Governor on an anti-lid platform.

♦♦

Bret Harte's Fate

THERE comes to the MIRROR for review a splendidly illustrated and illuminated copy of Bret Harte's poems, "Her Letter," and "His Answer," and "Her Last Letter," from the great publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston and New York). A sumptuous book. The artist is Arthur I. Keller, and he has done his work beautifully. Yet at this very time Bret Harte's daughter in England is in such want that she has appealed to her father's famous friends for aid, and they are receiving subscriptions for her. Bret Harte was not a provident soul. The contrast suggested by the brilliant book and Miss Harte's poverty is an old one in literary history. Doubtless Houghton, Mifflin & Co. give a royalty upon this new *edition de luxe* to the impoverished daughter of the man who wrote it in the full tide of his fame as the discoverer of the West, and, to some extent, its inventor in literature.

♦♦

ALL the Democracy now realizes the value of Senator William Joel Stone's gum shoes. All Democracy, surveying a scene where nary a prospect pleases, has cold feet.

♦♦

WE begin to suspect that the Governor is keeping the lid on the Police Department, but it isn't hermetically sealed. Slight stench effluviating from its edge indicate vapors thereunder which, if confined much longer, must cause an explosion. There are some few sections of the force which ought to be taken over to the garbage dump on Chesley

Island and opened up, if the resultant exhalations would not suffocate the hogs and asphyxiate the geese.

♦♦

Who Protects Policy?

THE policy graft in this city is said to net the bosses about \$1,000 a month, after paying their tools in and out of official life. An unsophisticated saloon keeper on Second street being aware of the enormous profits of a policy game, concluded recently to engage in the business. He had hardly started when no less than five men from the detective department pounced upon him, and to use his own expression, "put his policy game on the bum." It was wonderful how quickly these detectives put the saloon keeper out of the policy business—almost as wonderful as the fact that none of the detectives has ever been able to discover another policy game that has been operated for several years within three blocks of the place of the saloon keeper referred to. It is proper to add here that the latter game is owned by the big policy cinch. Anyone else who attempts to run a policy graft is promptly put out of business by the police, as the Second street saloon keeper learned to his sorrow. He had such poor judgment as to imagine that operating the policy graft in this city is open to competition. He knew that a game had been operated in his vicinity for years without molestation on the part of the police. Perhaps at that time he had never heard of the Big Policy Cinch. Now, however, he knows better. He will never again undertake to run in competition with the big grafters who have fattened as a result of special police protection. No one believes that gambling can be entirely suppressed in St. Louis or any other large city. But what can be done, and what ought to be done, is to withdraw police protection from the big grafters and make all grafters stand equal before the law. It is bad enough that three or four big policy games can be operated here in defiance of law, and it is still worse that a ring is given a monopoly of this highly profitable method of law-breaking. This could not be so if the police department enforced the laws equally. If the city must be cursed with thieving gambling games, by all fair rules one man should be given an equal chance with all others to break the law. These privileges have been farmed out in St. Louis entirely too long. It is time for Governor Folk to reach out after the policy grafters, and give the police department a shaking up at the same time.

♦♦

CHAMP CLARK is running for something in Missouri. Maybe it's for Governor. Maybe it's for Senator. Maybe it's for exercise. But whatever it's for, Champ is the only man who has reproduced in oratory the imaginative conception of Walt Whitman's "barbaric yawp."

♦♦

Curbing the Chauffeurs.

PERTINENT to the action of local automobilists looking towards the licensing and regulating of chauffeurs, the MIRROR reprints from *le Temps* an article by an automobile authority, covering all the points wherein even the admittedly excellent regulations of Paris, the automobile city *par excellence*, are defective. If an ordinance is to be passed, it would be well for its framers to bear in mind these suggestions of M. Louis d' Hurcourt, and rectify the oversights that make the French law unequal to the task of coping with the evil of the ignorant, reckless and disreputable chauffeur. There are about nine hundred automobile owners in St. Louis, and all of them should study this

presentation with a view to getting a law that will protect the lives of the citizens in the streets, save the property of the owner and diminish his liability for damages, without spoiling the sport by keeping the speed down to a snail-pace.

❖❖

WELLS only accentuates our ills.

❖❖

THAT great movement for the people against the so-called Theatrical Trust is already quite a Trust in itself and there are still outsiders who cry their protest in, "A plague o' both your houses." We don't see that the drama is so much better than it was. We have the drama, just as we have the government, we deserve.

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Masters of Missouri Mineral

THE mineral output in Missouri last year, exclusive of coal, was valued at something more than \$22,000,000. This compares favorably with the gold and silver output of Colorado, and is much more than the gold yield of Alaska for a corresponding period. Still there is no noise made about Missouri's mineral wealth. In fact, no publicity whatever is given to the lead output of the very extensive mines controlled by the National Lead Company. For some reason that residents of Southeast Missouri could never understand, the metropolitan press is silent as to the value of these mines. It is said that the company does not want the public to know of its prosperity until such time as it is able to lease or purchase all the best mineral-bearing land in several counties of Southeast Missouri. Eastern capitalists control the company, and they have been able for a long time to keep the public in the dark as to the enormous yield of their properties. Their principal holdings are in St. Francois County. It is suspected that the stockholders of the National Lead Company also control the copper mines in Shannon County, concerning which the public knows little or nothing. Indeed, not one Missourian in five hundred knows that copper is mined in Missouri. Whatever the real facts may be, the silence of the big dailies looks suspicious. For some weeks a special correspondent of the *Republic* has been "writing up" various localities in Missouri and Arkansas, and it is perfectly safe to assume that he will be steered clear of any mining locality controlled by the National Lead Company. True, the business of the company is perfectly legitimate, but it ought not to be accorded special immunity from publicity until such time as it has gobbled up all the mineral-bearing land in Southeast Missouri that it wishes to possess. No such favors have been shown any of the lead and zinc mining firms in the Joplin district. On the contrary, the greatest publicity is given this district, a weekly report being published in the daily papers every Monday morning. It may be stated, too, that Eastern capitalists do not control the Joplin district. If they did, perhaps the public would hear as little of the lead and zinc of that locality as of the output from the St. Francois, Washington and Shannon County mines. The coal yield of Missouri this year will doubtless exceed \$10,000,000, if approximate figures are ever secured. The Gould railroads, however, control some of the best coal mines in the State, and this system is not taking the public into its confidence, any more than can be avoided. The Missouri Pacific is not permitted by law to own the mines, and this may come in question at the same time as its ownership of stock in the parallel Wabash, when the Attorney General acts on the information brought out in the great fight between Gould and Ramsey. There is every reason to believe that

Missouri will very soon take leading rank as a mineral-producing State. It is high up in the list now, although the public generally is not aware of this fact. The truth is printed about only a few localities. Wherever the Eastern capitalists have an interest that they do not want to unload, next to nothing creeps into print. The Guggenheimer holdings in Missouri are sacred as long as silence is profitable to these capitalists, and a disadvantage to the small fry in Missouri. Pretty soon, the way things are now going, a few Eastern corporations will control the mineral industry of this State. A smelter syndicate is making desperate efforts to control the Joplin district now, and the chances are that it will presently succeed. When a few corporations secure control of all the mines worth having, then Missouri will have an outbreak of miners' strikes, something that has not occurred in this State outside of big corporation mines, as at Bevier some years ago. Native miners will be displaced to make room for cheap foreign labor, and Missouri will then be in a position to exchange condolences with Pennsylvania. The Lead Trust is tightening its grip on Missouri, and no mistake.

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MAYOR WELLS is dreadfully afraid of Socialism, and well he may be. If Socialism was the order of things, Rolla would have had to work for a living. Wouldn't that have been awful?

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Concerning Our Charities

QUITE a number of St. Louisans have manifested a lively interest in knowing what per centage of their gifts to charity constitute an individual rake-off for some one. Manager McClain of the Provident Association stirred up a hornet's nest when he assailed the women who beg in business houses and saloons for alms for some mission or society. He has been asked if he does not receive \$5,000 a year for dispensing that particular brand of charity doled out by the Provident Association? This is a feature of the argument that does not appeal to Mr. McClain. Seemingly he is of the opinion that promiscuous charity is mostly wasted, and should be discouraged. The women who solicit for societies and missions apparently have as poor an opinion of the Provident Association as Mr. McClain has of them. If it is a fact that Mr. McClain receives \$5,000—a greater salary than is paid any State official save the Governor—he ought not to complain about the small per centage the women beggars retain for running around the down-town saloons until midnight six nights in the week. A good many believe that the right kind of charity is that done, more or less unpremeditatedly and off-hand by individuals every day in the year. Not a few regard organized charity "in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ" as a good deal of a fraud. Certain well-to-do people do not want to be bothered with beggars, so they compromise with their consciences by giving a lump sum to some charitable organization. This is very common with rich people. It is more business-like than handing out nickels to shivering wretches. Moreover, the rich man who dispenses his charity through some organization, stands a good chance of getting his name in the newspapers, while the one who does not permit his "left hand to know what his right hand doeth" will never get any free advertising in this respect. There are exceptions to this, however. The richest man in St. Louis never gives to any charity that will make public his name, and does all his charity work, and it amounts to thousands a year, in the utmost secrecy. But why should any kind of charity be discountenanced or discouraged? There is too little charity anyhow.

If nine-tenths of the alms given were misdirected, as much of it undoubtedly is, it would still be better to keep on giving. Too many persons seem anxious for some plausible excuse to refuse every beggar. Suppose the cadger does want a drink instead of a bed or a meal; maybe that's what he most needs. All the charity organizations do some good. Their methods may not always be the best, but some poor wretches are benefitted. Half the beggars in St. Louis are, no doubt, frauds. So they are anywhere. But who can separate the sheep from the goats. Who wants to turn off any mendicant and take the chance of turning off the one who should be helped. Mr. McClain may think he can distinguish the real from the sham needy, but the chances are that he is mistaken. It is better that ninety-nine malingerers and fakirs should wax fat than that one deserving person should be denied. But the people who systematically collect money for mythical societies only to divide it among themselves, should be severely punished. Not long ago a saloon-keeper sent out two women with little boxes to gather alms, and took the proceeds after giving the collectors a commission. He had a rich little graft until another saloon-keeper caught on to the game and told the robber that if he didn't quit the game the discoverer would cave in his face. Stop the organized bogus charity graft.

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A Tip to Givers

THIS is about the time to begin figuring out what hospitals or asylums you are going to remember with Christmas presents this year. They all need money and those who are in the habit of making annual donations would do well to distribute their largesse among as many as possible on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. If the person who can afford to give, will go at it as systematically as he goes at other things, as a rule, he will get better results for his money, and some of the less fashionably favored institutions will not be so likely to be overlooked.

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Bond Investment Robbery

SUITS against the bond investment companies in this city reveal the fact that the officers and managers of the concerns do not know the details of their own business, and that their work is directed solely to getting the sucker's money "in" and then preventing him from getting it "out." Bonds mature in the most haphazard fashion, and the surrender value doesn't exist when the investor wants to withdraw his investment. The investor who wants to withdraw can only do so, if at all, by way of tedious litigation that will eat up the surrender value. There are hundreds, yes, probably thousands of men and women trying to withdraw the money which they were told they might withdraw at any time, and the companies are putting every obstacle possible to conceive in the way of such withdrawal. There has been a mountain of proof adduced as to the misrepresentations upon which men and women were induced by agents to take these bonds, and the companies repudiate every statement of the agents making the contracts. The reserves set aside to pay the bonds are only 35 per cent of the value of the bonds, and those reserves may protect only a few people in one State, but are no protection at all to the people who buy the bonds in other States. The companies are not content with the profit accruing from the moneys of those who quit paying and drop out. They have a hundred devices to stave off the payment to patrons of the advertised "surrender values." The bond investment business is a gigan-

the swindle, at least, as regards one or two companies, and the swindle is guided as usual by very eminent, respectable and able lawyers who point out that the companies comply with laws which the companies themselves prepared and had placed on the statute books. The companies made the law to fit the swindling process. The law permits them to do what they set out to do, having first fixed the law. Crookedness is therefore legalized in laws designed by crooks to legalize the crookedness. The big newspapers scarcely notice the evidence brought out in court or in special depositions showing that these intricate financial schemes are conducted by ignorant and unscrupulous but cunning fakirs on the get-rich-quick order. The people who cannot afford it, the people who should be most carefully protected, if any are more to be protected by law than others, are those people who prudently incline to save their money. These are the people who are worked by this graft. It flourishes by offering not a speculation, but a means of saving money. The rake-off is running up into the millions, for the agents are abroad in every city and State of the Union. Yet while the great journals thunder against the robberies of the big insurance magnates, they pay no attention to these bond investment fakirs, who are imitating the methods of the McCalls and the McCurdys. The National government should get after these bond investment companies by means of the postal laws, since they do much of their business by means of advertising in publications of their own production, or of general circulation. There are probably twenty of these concerns working out of various big cities and pulling in all the way from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a week from people for bonds which may never mature, and when they do mature, may be found to have no funds from which to be redeemed. It seems remarkable that the more reputable banking concerns do not get together and start a movement to stop this swindle, which should be stopped as a swindle, but if that reason be not good, because the people are taking and keeping out of the banks the money they hand over to the fakirs for dubious and worthless because unsecured bonds.

Mr. DAVID R. FRANCIS will now have his photograph taken in thirty-six languages and nine dialects. That's all any one can get from Dave—his photograph, and that's a counterfeit presentment.

Mr. E. G. Lewis Still Active

Mr. E. G. LEWIS has bought a Chicago moral daily, will transplant it here and run it as a woman's daily. It is to be hoped that he will not have so much trouble with it as he has had with his *Woman's Magazine*, the mail circulation of which has been under investigation by the postal inspectors for some weeks. It is understood that the report of the inspectors will not show that the great circulation of the *Woman's Magazine* is strictly legitimate and bona fide. He has been claiming something more than a million and a half subscribers, but the inspectors, it is said, have not been able to find them, and they may find that Lewis' use of the *Woman's Magazine* to boom his own schemes, like the People's United States Bank, his patent cork company, his coin-controller company, his real estate company, etc., constitutes it a publication not entitled to the privileges of the mails as second-class matter. Mr. Lewis is having a hard time with our Uncle Sam in various ways. He is a deucedly smart fellow, and very shifty on his feet and in his head, but the postal authorities are patient, and they seem likely to catch him after all his turnings and doublings and disguisings. The report upon the inspection of the sub-

scription lists of Lewis' magazines may be expected to be made public shortly, and it may indicate some funny business in the Post Office here during Baumbach's postmastership when Mr. Lewis had the run of the office. But then, Lewis had the run of the Chief Inspector's office here, too, and the Chief Inspector's son had a good berth in Mr. Lewis' office. All of which and more need not necessarily affect Mr. Lewis' new woman's daily with only the most innocuous news features.

JOHN SHARPE WILLIAMS is almost as completely lost as George Fred Williams, though if they are in close proximity oblivion will be all churned up as a result.

Yellow Peril

WHAT is wrong with our local labor leaders? They haven't yet learned that the Country Club has about eighteen Japanese servants in its employ. The Yellow Peril would appear to be right atop of us, and we don't know it. But perhaps Labor doesn't dare protest. The Country Club members will fight for their Jap servants to the last ditch. Who will do that these days for white or black servants? Our time is mostly taken up fighting with them.

SENATOR KINNEY is for the \$10,000,000 bonds. We wish the bonds were for Senator Kinney. But they are not. They are for the Big Cinch.

The Middle Classes

Up go the prices of meat. Up goes rent. Up goes everything but the salary of the man who is neither in a Trust nor a Union. The middle class once known as the happy class is now the miserable class, crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. Whoever is neither rich enough to be investigated nor poor enough to be clubbed by the police, the same is in very hard luck indeed. Nobody cares for him except to soak him for all he's got.

Sockless Jerry

JERRY SIMPSON, the Sockless, of Kansas, died last week. He was a prolific subject of newspaper fun, but he was a good man and he had more sense than most who chaffed him. He was a Populist, but millions who laughed at Populism in his day applaud it now, when it is preached with but a little shading and toning by Theodore Roosevelt. We are all Populists now, and we are coming to value a man for what he has in his head and heart, not for what he has on or off his feet. Simpson was a son of Kansas, of whom, in time to be, the State will be not less proud than it is to-day of John Brown.

It looks very much like Hearst and Jerome in New York City. The bosses are hanging on the ropes.

Progressive German Journalism

THE *Westliche Post* is building itself a million-dollar home at Broadway and Chestnut street; a splendid monument to the success of that great publication. Some day a great English daily paper will issue from this new building, and will duplicate the success of the German paper so ably managed by Messrs. Schroers and Preetorius. But, after all, what's the big building? Nothing like so big as the grand old man who edits the paper,—Herr Emil Preetorius, a man of power with the Germans of the West, a man of the stripe of Schurz, who, by the way, was one of the founders of the *W. P.*, greater than Washington Hising, the Chicago German editor, and dividing honors with the thunderer of the New York *Staats Zeitung*. Business genius is a great

factor in newspapers these days, but still the paper in its greater aspect is but the projection of the editor. Honors, if you will, and as you will, for John Schroers and Edward Preetorius and muchly they deserve them, but the old man must not be forgotten. Not even a million dollar building can overshadow the man whose mind and character, in the last analysis, made the building possible.

Printing Office Waste

NO ONE doubts that the Government Printing Office at Washington is the most wasteful feature of the government there located. Thousands too many of publications are turned out, only to be allowed to rot. Thousands sent out by Congressmen and Senators to constituents are thrown into waste-heaps. The government publications should be issued in editions large enough to supply the public libraries and such persons as may ask for them, and such newspapers as really review and digest them, but they should not be printed and illustrated and bound in the highest form of art only to moulder away in the Printing Office cellars. Waste is as bad as open stealing.

Journalism

Now that the newspapers have found out from Miss Alice Roosevelt that all the stories they printed about her doings while out of the country are false, they will proceed to plume themselves still more upon the accuracy and trustworthiness of their news service. That's what makes the newspapers so interesting. They are so accurate in printing mis-statements, then denying them, and later denying the denials.

GOVERNOR FOLK, having commuted the death penalty against a murderer, may be, and should be, getting ready to pardon the convicted St. Louis hoodlars. Their incarceration is a farce when we view it in the light of the testimony against the great captains of finance.

Rights of the Road

THIS war on automobilists for speeding is, of course, to a large extent, justified, but the essence of the usefulness or pleasureableness of the automobile is speed. Without the sensation of high speed automobilism is unattractive. Suppress speed and the automobile is done for. But speed is not the real evil. It is a combination of bad, narrow roads, incapable chauffeurs and careless driving by country people. Wider and better roads, competent men at the wheel and less sleeping by farmers in their wagons, especially at night, while the horses zigzag along the road, and without a light on their vehicles, front or rear, would minimize danger. We can't get the good roads in a hurry, but we can have better chauffeurs, and the vehicles on country roads at night should be lighted. The world isn't going to be turned back because the farmer won't take the trouble to stay awake or to light up his wagon. Automobilists have rights on the roads. Ruralists have no right to obstruct traffic. What is needed in this, as in all other matters, is a square deal. Automobilists aren't getting it.

Roosevelt Redivivus Candidatus

TAFT, Root, Shaw, Foraker, Cannon, La Follette,—all the Republican Presidential possibilities, are anxious. It is possible that the demand for the renomination of Roosevelt will become so imperative that even the strenuous he himself will not be able to resist it. Suppose that Roosevelt should come to see a chance to carry the South, as a result of his recent swing through that section. It would be

worth running again for. Suppose that the Folk wave in the Democratic party doesn't subside, but grows larger, and the Republican party realizes that no one but Roosevelt could beat him. The President has said he will not run again. True, but he may be run by his party. Strong as he is, Roosevelt may not be Master of his Fate, if his party calls, any more than he was when he had to take the Vice-Presidency, even when he knew those who gave it forced it upon him with the idea that they were shelving him. We must not forget that while Roosevelt as President, is President of all the people, Roosevelt, the man, is a devoted and intense partisan, and ready to make sacrifices for it. I don't mean even the most faintly to asperse his sincerity in declaring that he will not be a candidate again. I mean simply that as the days and weeks and months go by, he is drifting into the position in which he seems to be the only man who can be put before the people to dispute with Folk the mastery of the imagination of the common people of this country. At present Folk has that imagination captured, with no one larger looming in it except Roosevelt. Folk has captured the imagination by works, as Roosevelt has, not by words, like Bryan did. Folk has the lasting quality, even if he does not appeal to the popular affection as do both Roosevelt and Bryan. None of the possibilities named can quite reach down into popular feeling or up to popular apotheosis as Folk does—none but Roosevelt. He reaches higher up and deeper down than Folk, by virtue of one thing—his more tangible humanity, the physicality of him, the blood and bone of him, the fact that he fights, walks, hunts, chops trees, whoops at football matches, mixes up with the crowd. (The only thing the President is not on record as trying is singing—but he makes all things hum. Mr. Folk sings. I have seen him sing, at church.) Folk would stand a chance as a candidate even against Roosevelt with the great multitude, if he could only develop a healthy athleticism. It is time for him to get out coon hunting in the Ozarks, to engage Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan as a boxing instructor, to do some rough cross country riding on his fine horses. He can't win out as a pale student, talking of life as he sees it under a microscope. Even the misguided Alton Brooks Parker kept his head above the waters of oblivion because he was a swimmer. Folk has shown he can lecture against Roosevelt. Now let him get out and show that he's what my Firbolg friend, Don Miguel Monahan, of the *Papyrus*, Cranford, N. J., would call "of the Brotherhood of the Red Corpuscule."

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Pierp. and Chris.

'Tis an irreverent age. A St. Louisan who went up to the Chicago Horse Show came back and said: "I saw Pierpont Morgan there, and he's just a dead ringer for Chris von der Ahe." And yet there was a time when Chris more filled the public eye and ear than does Morgan to-day. And again, Chris has a colossal statue of himself in Bellefontaine Cemetery and Morgan won't have a statue, even after he's dead.

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Shocked Gotham

NEW YORK is reported shocked by Materlinck's play, "Monna Vanna." Yet New York stands for its own High Society. Also for its own high finance, insurance and other. It is shocked by a frank and honest passion interfused with poetry. Virtue may be sold for money, but not for love or for any ideal of beauty. That is not sin which "gets the money," in that big town, doubly crazy on cash

and *horizontalis*. *Monna Vanna* is purer than three out of five of the women in "the best picture of contemporary American society," Miss Wharton's "The House of Mirth." New York shocked! Faugh!

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THERE will be many rate-regulation bills before Congress. Most of them designed to prevent what they purport to propose. The railroad attorneys are busy.

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Welcome for El Hadji

THE Hakel of Harar, otherwise the Hadji Abdullah Ali Sadek, of Abyssinia, will come to St. Louis. He has met our Billy McMillan, chum of Menelik, up on the banks of the Blue Nile, and hearkened to that bold explorer's tales of large "doings" both at the University Club and out at "the Chicken Farm" on the Clayton road, and he wants to be "shown" in old Missouri. It's too bad the Hakel couldn't have come along earlier. If he had he might have been enrolled among the few immortal names of the society young men who dined with Cora O'Connor at Del's at the junction of the Highway and Manchester road. You're not eligible to have your name in Eddie Gould's *Blue Book* if you weren't of the youths of the first families who, according to the veracious evidence of several bartenders in Judge Dillon's court, were devoted in "the good old summer time" to dining and drinking with the pretty and precipitate wife of the great base ball catcher. Hadji Abdullah Ali Sadek should be en-

tertained by the members of the Society of Survivors of the Charms of Cora O'Connor, as published in the *Star-Chronicle's* report of the testimony against the speedy beauty in last Monday evening's paper. He will have letters from Explorer McMillan to some of the gallants, surely.

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Now, how can Francis run for President of the United States? There's no appropriation of public money to pay his expenses. Clearly, those who "urge" him to "permit the use of his name" don't understand the quality of D. R. F.'s civism.

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Mr. White's Revival.

ST. LOUISIANS who want to know why "the times are out of joint" and what's the matter with society, will have an opportunity to learn within the next month, if they will attend the lectures which are to be given here by Mr. John Z. White. If there are any orthodox economists who think they can debate with Mr. White, they are welcome to try and certain to be unhorsed, because Mr. White talks the economics of the moral law, of common sense, of natural right. He is as eloquent as logical, and lucid always. His "revival" will wake up the community on the subject of taxation and all the fundamental rights of men, and the result will be seen later. Single Tax doctrine is shaking the foundations of political bossism backed by corrupt private interest, and as Mr. White presents it the spread of the faith is infectious. Before one month is over he will have the "interests" here going and going in a hurry.

When the Leaves Begin to Fall

By Martie Bell Woodworth

I WAS born in Old Missouri on a little timbered farm,
I'm a friend to everybody ef they don't do me no harm.
But I'm jest a little techy on a certain pint or two,
An' you get me bilin' over, there's no tellin' what I'll do:
I'm jest now comin' sixty but I feel like twenty-four
Except in rainy weather when my jint's kinder sore;
But on these frosty mornin's when the air is crisp and cool,
I feel as bright and sparklin' as a boy that's loose from school;
I ain't much eddication, don't pretend to know it all,
But I know Missouri's purty when the leaves begin to fall.

Now they're turnin' red an' yellor and them that's on the ground
With the squirrels hoppin' thro' 'em, is the purtiest kin' o' brown:
I git up in the mornin' an' I jimmy round out doors
Till it's barly comin' sun-up when I git through with the chores;
When I come up to the gate-way a bringin' Ma the wood
There I see two trees a-standin' that does my old heart good;
Oh, My, 'tis soul-exultin' to see 'em standin' there
Like two lovely smilin' women, one dark and t'other fair;
One is wearin' green an' yellor, sunshine streamers like a flood,
T'other, nary other color but a dress as red as blood,
An' they do beat all for beauty, one short and t'other tall
As they wave in Old Missouri when their leaves begin to fall.

Often-times I take my rifle and I go out in the trees
Where the birds is singin' madly an' there's jest enuf o' breeze
Fer to make it interestin' to watch the leaves drap down,
An' I thank my lucky stars that the kentry's out o' town
Where I can set on fence-rails and watch the cunin' game
A thievin' in my corn-field as ef they owned the same;
But ef I raise my rifle intendin' fer to shoot,
Them pesky little varmints 'll look so plagued cute
That I'm jest too chicken-hearted fer to kill the purty things;
'Twould seem lie shootin' angels fer to git to use their wings;
So they're welcome to my corn-field ef they eat it land and all
While they stay in Old Missouri when the leaves begin to fall.
Alone on Sunday evenin's in the company of my dog,
I go out to the timber where I set down on a log;
I can see the sun a streamin' thro' the trees so sort o' mild,
Like a mother's eye a beamin' the love-light on her child—
An' there's not a breeze a stirrin' an' the birds has gone away
Exceptin' one or two that seems a bit inclined to stay,
An' there I set an' ponder o'er the week that's jest passed by,
An' I wonder if it's heaven or will be when I die,
For I'm thankful that I'm livin' an' that I can enjoy
The beauties all around me jest like I was a boy;
Yes, I thank the Lord right hearty fer his blessin's one an' all,
But mostly fer Missouri when the leaves begin to fall.

Kindly Caricatures

(24) Henry M. Blossom

HE has written two good stories, two good plays and the words for two good comic operas. And yet he isn't happy—to judge by the look of him.

He's a *blaze roo*, or thinks he is, with a dash of the Richard Harding Davis hero about him—perhaps that's self-imagined too—a mild sort of cynic, much concerned with the dampness or dryness of his cigarette, a typically tired club chap and yet with a keen flair for the man in the raw. Henry Blossom, though born and reared here, was never acclimated, and never understood. There were few who could differentiate him from the other members of the St. Louis Club. This could not have been other than depressing. It's a wonder it did not utterly kill his gifts. Yet it did not freeze the genial current of his soul, for he's still a good fellow, though a little bored.

The man is his work. Everything he has written has been stamped with a gentlemanly cynicism, tempered with a sort of molasses-and-moonlight sentiment. Blossom is impregnated with the self-same atmosphere as Augustus Thomas. His plays and stories are not action, but talk. Rather brilliant talk too, though probably overflavored with "nifty," pert, semi-ironic speech which is almost, if not quite, slang. Mr. Blossom has surpassed all rivals in the literature of "jolly" or "joshing." He has a tendency to epigram, but his epigram is tintured with what the French call *blague*. His dialogue reeks of the club, the race track, the poker table and the five-o'clock tea. It is very smart, cute, *chic*, picturesque. But its glitter is shallow. His characters in book or play or libretto are manikins swathed in speech. His scheme of dramatics is conventional. He is a *Billy Baxter*, a *John Henry* in dress clothes. He doesn't search out nature so well as George Ade does, but he has more of the manner of the *mode* and the *monde*. Mr. Blossom is just the man to write a play in the sort of talk that looks like a string of witty gags by Willie Collier and the young man who stars in the Blossom plays is very much Willie Collier from the clothes inward to the bone.

What specializes Blossom in his work is his avoidance of vulgarity. He knows how to show you a woman. His mind works in cleanness and his mirth has no evil savor whatever. Another, not so much master of form, attempting to write what Blossom writes would be a cad. He is different from the other genteel slang-slingers by just the shade which shows that Willie Collier's roles, for instance, are not those of gentlemen. Blossom's glitter is quite different from vulgar flash.

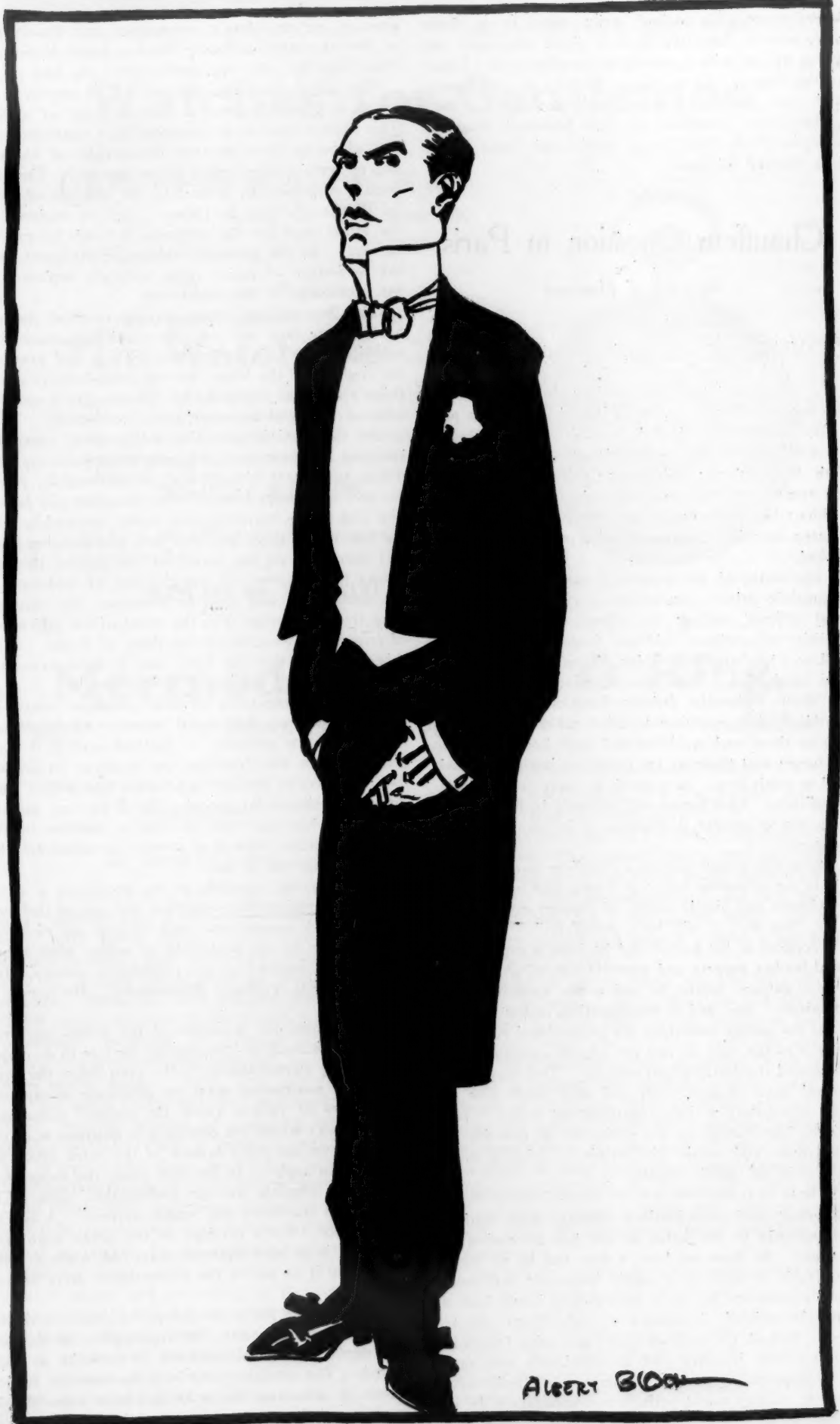
That Mr. Blossom gets into the secret of the art which portrays life no one can contend. His observation is keen and inabusive, but superficial. He notes multitudinous detail and arranges it well, but never does he get into the essence of character, in anything from "The Documents In Evidence" to "A Fair Exchange." His "Checkers" is good characterization so far as mastery of ready speech is concerned, but as a novel or a play it is the merest machine work. His motives are neither new nor deep nor of import of stir in any soul-stuff.

Mr. Blossom doesn't pose as a great dramatist. He is modest and rather practical. He doesn't aim at great art. What he wants is to bunch his hits in the box office. Well—he does it. The big drama which he thinks he has in him can wait until he has time to do it. Alas! Who hasn't that *opus* up his sleeve or dormant in the back of his head? How few come forth!

Somehow Mr. Blossom seems to work with a peculiar intensity of care. He pares his work admirably. He is a wordsman, but sparing of words. This makes his plays almost dessicated. They have no unction at all. They are not flesh-and-blood affairs. They are not genial, but sharp and hard

and uppish in tone. They haven't any entrails. Yet they are kindly, in a frosty, two-finger-high hand-shake sort of fashion. The marionette impression of his characters suggests that he's only an *ennuye* swell showing what he could do with life if only he could get his own consent to mix up with it.

"Clever" is the word for him—"clever," in both the English and the Yankee sense of that word. What he needs most is a passion of some sort for something other than a dandified dilettanteism. He could do something big, if only—but no! We must not expect him to get away from form and down



HENRY M. BLOSSOM.

Kindly Caricatures No. 24.

to substance. He couldn't write save in a dress suit, with a cigarette's incense about him, with one glove still on, with a curacao at his elbow and a bunch of the *jeunasse doree* waiting for him in a mahogany and rose apartment just around the corner. He's a hot-house carnation of that botanical kingdom wherein Clyde Fitch is an orchid and Oscar Wilde is a mottled tuberose.

Chauffeur Question in Paris

By Louis d' Hurcourt

Translated from *Le Temps*.

THERE is no more burning question to-day than that of chauffeurs. Accidents multiply on the one hand, and the public is in terror for its life on the other. Abuses of confidence on the part of the chauffeurs, their little way of taking excursions of their own in their masters' automobiles, together with the smash-ups and damage suits for which they are responsible through their rashness or clumsiness—things like these go on steadily increasing, and the owners complain they are being exploited, if not robbed.

The cause of the trouble is easily found. The automobile driver's profession is clearly one of the most difficult callings to follow, requiring natural qualities of coolness, address, force and energy, as well as a profound knowledge of theoretical and practical mechanics. Now, having given the candidate for these eminently delicate functions, one of the terrible modern machines to drive, we not only expect him to show such qualities and such knowledge, but we forget that there as yet exists no institution qualified to teach him. In a word, we have no school for chauffeurs. This lacuna will probably be filled before long, but at present it involves us in serious embarrassment.

How does a man become a chauffeur to-day? Usually in the following way. A young man out of work or without any visible means of support says to himself: "Go to. I will be a chauffeur." He has a few coppers in his pocket and he buys a cap and the usual leather toggery and presents himself at an automobile garage, where he unbosoms himself of his intentions. For, and in consideration, of \$30, the people at the garage undertake his professional education. That is to say, they let him get into an automobile and go around the fortifications with it. This they do for several days in succession and they teach him the most elementary notions regarding the trade. After this he hies himself to the prefecture to pass his examinations and obtain his permit to drive a motor vehicle in the public streets.

These examinations are, of course, passed before competent and conscientious officials who conform scrupulously to the letter of the law governing the matter. So there we have a first and by no means despicable, as well as a highly important and necessary, guarantee; but it is nevertheless insufficient, as anybody seriously interested in such things will tell you. Indeed, we shall see that these rules for an absolutely new industry and an absolutely new mode of transportation present numerous and unfortunate lacunæ, as they might perhaps not unnaturally be expected to do.

Moreover, the tests to which the applicant is put have the inherent defect of all primary official examinations: they are necessarily hasty, rather superficial in consequence, and unavoidably so because of the large number of candidates. How is it possible to regard as a really trained man the youth who has just passed his baccalaureate, and to intrust him at once with an important post on the mere strength of his diploma? It is not possible at all, and no one would imagine that it was, in any other branch of human activity. Be that as it may, let us first follow the pro-

gress of our candidate in accordance with the decrees of the Ministry of Public Works, dated March 10, 1899, Sept. 10, 1901, and finally April 10, 1904.

The green chauffeur addresses to the prefect a request on printed paper for his certificate of ability. This request must be accompanied by a statement telling where he lives, by two photographs of himself, and by certain other proofs of his identity. The prefecture transmits the request to the Minister of Public Works (Service des Mines), and an engineer of the Mines must put the youngster through his examinations. In the provinces things go the same way, the prefecture of police being naturally replaced by the prefecture of the department.

The Service des Mines, having received the request, must then see that the candidate passes his examination before the engineer. In actual practice, the engineer of the Mines, having almost always something else to do, delegates his functions to a controller, or a special inspector, or a "conductor."

As the administration has no material especially reserved for these tests, it is incumbent upon the candidate to present himself with an automobile, either his own or a rented one. The examiner sits beside him and makes him drive the motor, meanwhile telling him where to go and how fast, and assuring himself according to the terms of the decree that he knows how to steer the vehicle, that he understands its mechanism, and that he possesses the required sang froid to manage it in the midst of the difficulties of crowded thoroughfares like those of Paris. Note this point, which is the weak spot in these examinations. We shall come back to it presently.

This test, necessarily of brief duration (since, in 1902, for instance, the special inspector of mines had to deliver 4,000 permits), is finished, and if it ends gloriously for the candidate, as it almost invariably does, the Service des Mines presents him with a conditional certificate of capacity, good for one month, and giving him the right to drive a machine in the public highways from that moment forward till the certificate runs out of date.

The inspector transmits to the prefecture a statement of the registrations together with one of the photographs. A month later—and without any new test—the officers of the prefecture of police, after being scrupulously assured of the candidate's identity, give him his official certificate gratuitously. He is now a chauffeur.

Here, again, the inspector of the Mines has proceeded as seriously as it is possible for him to do under such trying circumstances. He even takes the precaution of mentioning upon the certificate of capacity the species of vehicle (with the maker's name and horse-power) which the candidate is qualified to drive.

But there are many lacunæ in the rules which he is forced to apply. In the first place, the decree neglected to stipulate an age qualification, such as is required of coachmen and wagon drivers. A coachman cannot drive a carriage in the public highways unless he is at least eighteen years old, while a child of six can, if he passes the examination, drive an automobile.

No inquiry is made into the moral character of the candidate, nor even into his registration by the police, nor is a medical examination so much as suggested. The candidate may be a dipsomaniac, for instance, or subject to fits, or he may have some serious trouble with his eyes, and yet no objection is raised. Pray note that it is certainly more difficult to drive an auto through the traffic of Parisian streets than to run a locomotive that cannot leave its rails.

How under these conditions, can the examiner really assure himself that the candidate possesses the sang froid and the intelligence necessary to prevent his becoming giddy when going at high speed; and to prevent his bringing about a splendid series of accidents? He may appear quite calm during the brief official test; in fact, he can hardly do otherwise, however scared he may inwardly be, when a high official is sitting beside him in the carriage.

But, once turned loose and made his own master, what is going to happen if he has the drink habit or if he has an exceptionally violent nature? Now observe that in the present state of things the certificate of capacity can be given to a young scapegoat and brawler or to one of those terrible youngsters who have already been several times sent to jail for drunkenness and assault and battery. The prefecture is not authorized by the term of the decree to examine the police registers except in the case of drivers of automobile cabs. But the drivers of private automobiles are hardly less dangerous to the public and to their masters themselves. "We are not an employment agency," said one of the officers at the prefecture when I spoke of these things. "It rests with the employers of chauffeurs to assure themselves of the morals and antecedents of the men they hire. To search the police register every time a candidate applied would be a vexatious and a humiliating measure."

The lack of information regarding the chauffeur's morals naturally involves the gravest embarrassment. It is impossible to prevent them from taking the machine out of the garage and going on excursions of their own with it, unknown to their masters. Those who are not particularly conscientious and who have already acquired bad habits, spend the night in roisterous company, and many accidents result. The owner can get no redress from a penniless employee; he must pay for breakage and repairs, and then swear if he likes to ease his temper. He dismisses the chauffeur and begins over again.

There are no effective administrative measures to remedy this state of things. To be sure, there is an article in the police rules which says: "After two violations of the law within a year, the certificates of capacity delivered in virtue of article 2 of the present rules can be withdrawn by order of the prefect and on the advice of the Service des Mines." But in actual practice this article is almost a dead letter.

In the early days of automobilism, chauffeurs thus recruited were almost invariably mechanics who had at least the professional qualities of the Parisian workman and were capable of quickly deducing the causes of a breakdown and the means to remedy it. They had also the defects of the slum population, its lack of reverence for anything, its passion for idling and its weakness for the little glass. Many owners soon wearied of this sort of chauffeur and had their valets or their coachmen taught to run the motor. This was an especially good use to make of the coachman, who had little or nothing to do since the motor came into use. From the moral point of view this type of chauffeur was generally excellent. It is reasonable enough that a servant of sound character and good training should handle the wheel as well as the reins.

But the remedy worked only in the case of owners who had already their men servants. A man who has decided all at once in consequence of falling heir to a fortune, to buy an automobile cannot think of first taking a servant and then transforming him into a chauffeur. He prefers to get a qualified automobile driver, and therefore betakes him to some garage or other where a chauffeur is given him, good or bad it doesn't much matter, and generally without any guaranty as regards his morals.

Happily, the remedy is comparatively easy to find, and a great improvement has already been achieved within the last few months by the efforts of the General Automobile Association. This association has created a system of examinations, for the purpose of furnishing, either to its members or to any automobile owner who asks them, chauffeurs really qualified for their profession, and this without any emolument. These examinations are passed under the supervision of an engineer of the association, and the requirements are extremely severe. From the technical point of view, you get an excellent idea of their strictness when you note that out of seven hundred candidates only two hundred and thirty passed.

From the point of view of morals, an inquiry is made regarding every candidate, and the police are asked to make statements regarding him. This simple quality was enough to dismiss a good many of the candidates at once. Those candidates went and looked for jobs elsewhere—and got them, of course.

The diplomas given to the successful candidates must be vided every year by the commission of the General Automobile Association, and this fact has a tremendous influence upon the behavior of the employee. It is almost needless to point out the advantages of this system. Experience has abundantly proved them. All the association's qualified chauffeurs have found positions. Out of its two hundred and thirty men, not one has left his place, or given the least trouble, and finally, not one of them has caused an accident for nearly a year.

"Those honest fellows' gratitude is really touching," I was told at the office of the association's general secretary. "Not a day passes but at least one of them calls to thank us. They earn from twenty-five to three hundred francs a month, but some of them have far more brilliant positions and are rolling up small fortunes."

One of them, a former mechanic and now employed by a Russian gentleman, has so completely won his master's confidence by his capacity and good behavior that he receives seven hundred francs a month, over and above his living expenses. Another, a painter and an habitue of the Montmartre cabarets, has lived down his reputation as a bad artist. The family he serves is so delighted with his verve and his gay camaraderie that he gets twenty-five louis a month. All classes of society are represented among the association's proteges; two members of expelled congregations, easily recognizable by their modest manners and the way they have of crossing their hands inside their sleeves; a retired physician, invaluable in case of accident, and able to mend a leg as easily as he mends a tire; a former candidate for the Polytechnique; an engineer from a great factory, etc.

We have even the type of the chauffeur with a tender conscience. This model of good morals was offered an opportunity to drive the automobile of a lady of elegant appointments but lax principles. On mature consideration, he declined. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I should get into evil ways if I came into daily contact with the fast company she affects!" He preferred a place with a family of austere habits. He deserves—am I not right?—to reach the top of his profession after thus brilliantly proving himself the Cato of the automobile.

Beauty's a Flower

By Moira O'Neill

*Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,*

But love is the jewel that wins the world.

YOUTH'S for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet,

Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There's little knowin' who may live to sing another song;

For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
And Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love in life.

*Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,*

But love is the jewel that wins the world.

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"Shivaree"

By Ernest McGaffey

ON the porch of a little house set back from a country road a man and woman are sitting with hands clasped. Overhead the moon and stars brocade with silver the midnight skies. Walled in by dense maple trees the dwelling broods in shadow. These two were married that morning.

What carries the news in the country? Rumor, or a prescience sharpened by isolation and curiosity. Here were no telephones, no telegraph, no daily paper with its prying gossip. Here were only the inland plains, the grain-fields, and the neighborhood happenings. But the glimpse of a passing buggy, the glint of a tell-tale ribbon, a laugh, a retort, a face at the window—why these be "trifles light as air, yet confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."

Long before dusk there were gatherings at fences remote from the houses, conferences at hedge-rows, stoppings of buggies by the roadside, beckonings in the fields, hallooings across the pastures. There was a sense of unrest and excitement in the settlement. In some homes there had been suppressed snickering at the supper tables. Small boys had caught the thread of events and were making urgent requests of older brothers. Elder sisters shared, and yet did not share, in the possibilities that seemed to be unfolding. All they did was to look pleased and interested.

As night had drawn on the plot had thickened. Young fellows in groups of two and three could be seen stealing silently along the hill roads, and now and again a horseman would emerge from the dusk and salute them with a shout, to be swallowed by the dusk again, and only seeming real by the hollow and diminishing sound of flying hoof-beats. At some farm-houses older men stood with arms akimbo and yawned and joked with the younger generation. Here and there horses appeared, were hitched to

fences, the riders going into the houses, and, re-appearing, riding hurriedly away.

At the sawmill on the bottom a delegation was working hard. The smaller saw, a steel disc nearly six feet in diameter, was being slowly worked off of its bearings. This accomplished, it was laid in the bottom of a wagon-bed and hauled away. To prevent it from rattling and making a noise it had been placed on a bed of hay.

Meanwhile at various barns and hay lofts of the community the rest of the conspirators had not been idle. Sleigh bells in long strings had been hauled out of winter store, and had been cautiously jingled to see if they were in perfect condition. Cow bells had been unearthed, the small boys even going to the length of borrowing them from the trusting bovines for the nonce. They had lured the bell-cows to the fences with inviting ears of corn, and despoiled them of their brass adornments even as the Israelites borrowed from the Egyptians in days gone by. Preparation was at a white heat, and no pains had been taken to make every detail complete and even elaborate.

In the houses during all this prelude much time had been consumed looking up old hunting horns, dinner horns, and even ancient conch-shells, capable of making night hideous with their doleful moaning. Family shot guns were lifted from the racks and brought out from corners, double-loaded with powder and capped ready for a salute.

The captain of the company, who arrived shortly at the general rendezvous, was an old hand at the game. He consulted with his most trusty lieutenants, and mapped out a plan of campaign in case the siege proved a long one. There had been hints that the reception which this committee would get was not one calculated to please them; that there would be no opening of doors, no hand-shakes, and no refreshments. The Captain felt that his reputation was at stake. He issued his orders peremptorily, formed the cohorts with military precision, and started the procession. At the rear was the wagon carrying the saw

All conversation was barred as the crowd walked down the main road, over Elroy's hill and along the west eighty that skirted Coon Creek. Silence was a prime necessity. The happy couple might give the serenaders the slip. Such things had happened, and although the scouts had reported the bride and groom "were to home," there must be no mistake in the approach to the house. Warily the group trailed over the hill and towards the abode of the devoted pair. Arrived at the bottom of a long hill, the horses attached to the wagon were unhitched and tied to an adjoining fence, and half a dozen stout fellows seized the wagon tongue and dragged it on up the hill.

At the top of the hill a whispered council of war was had, and the Captain "peeked" out from a shed to see how the land lay. As he looked, one of the small boys in the crowd sneezed loudly. The couple on the porch, whom the Captain had just sighted, rose hurriedly and disappeared in the house. The Captain hastily deployed three men to the rear of the dwelling to prevent escape by that way, and hurried up his cohorts.

The house was surrounded in a twinkling. All the blinds were down, and the doors locked and windows fastened. Inside, everything was dark as pitch, the occupants giving no sign of which room they were in. After reconnoitering, the Captain decided to begin operations directly in front. There were two windows in front, and the racket could be heard through these, even though closed tightly, clear over the entire establishment.

The shot-gun brigade, twenty strong, was deployed and placed in position. The saw was brought up and set on a plank, two men holding it up with an iron rod through its center, and one man on either side of it standing with a hammer raised ready to strike music out of it. The bell-ringers were marshalled in ranks by themselves, the horn-blowers stood next, and the ancient conch-shells brought up the rear. It was a fearsome and yet inspiring sight.

"Wait till the blast goes off before you turn in with the music, boys," said the Captain. "When I say 'turn loose, everybody,' let her blister altogether. Keep it up till we fetch 'em."

Back in the cow-lot a couple of cows were standing quietly, and several hogs in a near-by pen slept and dreamed of warm slop.

"Fire," shouted the Captain. Twenty guns blazed into the darkness, and repeated the volley an instant later, as fast as the triggers could be pulled. "Turn loose" yelled the Captain encouragingly.

And then arose the most terrific din imaginable to mankind. The discordant braying of the conch-bells, the dismal tooting of the horns, the clamorous jangle of the sleigh-bells, and the hollow tintinnabulations of the cow-bells all united to make night fantastically hideous.

But worst of all the awful clamor was the noise produced by the saw. The hammers rose and fell upon it from either side and a perfect stream of sparks flowed down it where the hammer blows fell. The incessant clanging was almost equal to the double-distilled essence of the racket from forty boiler-shops, and with all the rest of the hullabaloo was something to split the ear-drum of a bronze image.

The shot-gun brigade, loading hurriedly, poured in another broadside and the saw moved up on the porch and again tore the air into fragments with its ferocious whang. All this time the horns, conch-shells and bells gave out their wild bazoo, and it really seemed as though pandemonium with a capital P had broken out for keeps.

Suddenly the door opened. "Hold in," shouted the Captain. The noise ceased, only the tinkle of a bell here and there to indicate what had gone before.

The happy pair appeared in the doorway. "Come in boys," said the groom.

The crowd filed in and—

"Hello Billy," and "Good luck Billy," and much



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hand-shaking and congratulation were the order of the night. Cider was served from a barrel, there were about seven bushels of dough-nuts, and cigars by the box. Everybody waded in, and in fifteen minutes there wasn't a crumb or a drop left. The boys filed out with a cheer for the newly-wed, and an irreverent rattle of a string of sleigh-bells at the road marked the going of the revellers. They disappeared into the shadows, themselves mere shadows.

The door of the little house opened. Over the hills beyond came the distant moan of a belated conch-shell. On the porch a man and woman sat with clasped hands. Overhead the stars and the moon brocade with silver the far-off skies. Walled in by dense maple trees the dwelling brooded in the shadows. The two figures on the porch bent forward, their lips meeting. They had been married that morning.

Trouble in a London Cafe

HE was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your horder, sir?"

"I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence, and then a dazed, "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned, he said anxiously: "Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and pa-

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tiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone much longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled, and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron, he whispered, beseechingly: "Would you mind trying boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."

Baltimore American

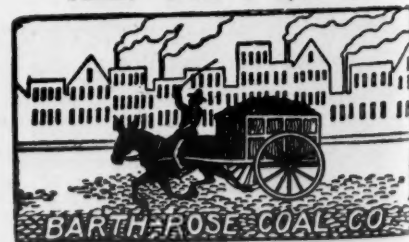
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Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jane:

Do you really believe that Alice Roosevelt is engaged to Nick Longworth? I'm so disappointed if 'tis so. Longworth was here a year ago during the Fair, darling, and listen to me, ducky—he wears just the most impossible clothes you ever saw—noisy plaids and red neckties and things—real Skinskinnati down to the ground—and while I don't care for foreign princes and you may say all you like about Anna Gould de Castellane setting the styles for your adopted town on the Seine, and we know that Conny Vanderbilt Marlborough is making the best of things with the saddest face I ever saw on a young woman—still there are all sorts of fine American men who might marry Alice and who don't wear plaid clothes, aren't there darling?

But then I'm not Alice and if Nick suits her it's likely all right, and gee! but won't they have a lot of curios to furnish the house with? Alice took away about five thousand dollars' worth of French clocks and Japanese bric-a-brow from the Fair, none of which has been much mutilated by Archie or Quentin or any of the late Roosevelt comers, I guess, and now this Oriental junket ought to be good for the fittings of at least four or five more rooms in the flat—and so Nick's outlay for furniture the first year really should be represented by a cipher, ought it not?

✱

It's a quiet week we've had, darling, and except for Emma Updike's wedding—Louis Le Beaume is the man. I forgot to write you that Emma was engaged again—and a few teas and things—there is nothing doing except to see the dressmaker. I am getting some new togs—a dark green velvet with Irish point—as near like Mrs. Wallace Simmons' as I can without giving offense. Jessamine is so pretty and now that she is beginning to spend Wallace's generous allowance and dress as much as her 'igh station demands, all her good points show up splendidly. You know Wallace has long been positively crazy on the subject of his wife's clothes and he would like to see her wearing satin and point lace most all the time, but she just won't do it and makes one ball gown do her for the whole season. And spends the money on the library and the baby's French lawn frocks. The Simmonses are going to entertain a good deal this winter, so I hear. Mrs. George, who was Virgie Wright, and who lives with her mother-in-law, is going to give some large things and they do tell me that Mabel Filley Simmons and her husband are coming into town to one of the swell hotels and tear the town wide open on teas and dinners. I can scarcely credit the information, for Mabel has become so addicted to butter-making and the young-chicken habit this last year that violet luncheons are hardly a novelty. However, I have hopes, and anyhow, Eddie loves society so that they may do these things. I spoke about Emma Updike's marriage to young Le Beaume—the big husky fellow, the youngest brother—they haven't much money, I believe, but lots of old family stock and are cracker-jack nice fellows—Louis and his brother Bill, who is somewhere in the East now. Emma and Louis kept their engagement very quiet—as they had a right to, and the wedding yesterday was very exclusive and conducted along lines of unostentation—I hear that Ben Adams, Emma's brother-in-law, is quite sick, so that is one reason for the quietude. Then Emma's former engagement to that fat Doctor Williamson, who rushed Edwina Tutt so, before her departure for Germany and who set her broken ankle by the roadside down at Valley Park when they both got run away with—that isn't grammatical, but will help some, Jane—was so much a mistake and caused her no end of distress.

✱

Emma Tittmann is to be married to a Massachusetts man very early next month. I expect the wed-

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The styles were never prettier, hand-embroidered designs never so novel and dainty, and the laces are exquisite.

Skirt-Drawers, two very novel styles, made so full and so shaped, that when worn they have all the appearance of a knee petticoat, with elaborate hand-embroidered festoons falling over a sheer dainty ruffle of lace.

Knee Skirts are bell-shaped, some made plain without ruffles, but so cut as to hang in generous, graceful folds; others elaborately embroidered and with lace insertions set in, both in body of the skirt and in ruffles.

Gowns are shown in new effects of slip-over and semi-open yokes, with hand embroidery, dainty tucking and lace trimmings that surpass anything shown during previous seasons.

Petticoats, with beautiful bold designs of embroidered chrysanthemums, fuchsias, narcissus and conventional patterns; many petticoats are elaborately lace trimmed, either with Torchon or Valenciennes laces.

Corset Covers, wide in the back, and gathered full across the bust. Hand embroidery and lace embellishments which make them perfectly irresistible to the lovers of dainty lingerie.

Chemises, both in the regular and combination garments, with open hand embroidery and skirts daintily lace-trimmed.

Bridal Trouseau Sets—one in particular, of the sheerest of French Nainsook, with the daintiest of hand embroidery set in, in block designs, combined with insertions of real Valenciennes lace and attractively embellished with ribbon bows.

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Not a Woman

But falls a victim to flattery sometimes.

She may not countenance open praise of her pulchritudinous charms, many even reject the honeyed references to her rare qualities of mind, but she's not more than one in a million who doesn't like to hear it said that she is an excellent cook and makes lovely bread. And these are accomplishments to be proud of. There's no excuse for a woman who is without them, especially as far as baking good bread is concerned. A child can make good bread with **ULTIMATE** flour, therefore, every woman using **ULTIMATE** should make the best bread. It's the flour of the people, the flour of the Nation. **ULTIMATE** is different from all other brands, the purest product of miller's art. It insures health, and health brings wealth and happiness. If you want all these, buy

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ding will be rather fine as the Tittmanns have never before done anything to promulgate social influence. Indeed, Emma, beyond a few theater stunts and some appearances at afternoon teas and luncheons, is practically unknown. She is a pretty blonde with considerable style and the family has oodles of mun.

Elsa Lemp has been selected as a bridesmaid and I suppose that means some dinners and functions down at the big old-fashioned Lemp home on Lafayette avenue. Elsa has not entertained since her father died, but has lately left off mourning, so I hear, and will begin to get busy on social operations, I expect. Elsa is a pretty girl and might easily have one of the best social positions in St. Louis if she'd only cared to do so, but nobody in that family seems to care a rap whether school keeps or not, except Edwin, and as yet he's done nothing startling. The Billy Lemp I gave up, long ago as perfectly hopeless. They have been married for five years and they never entertain even six people at dinner. Por quoi? Don't ask me, Jane. How am I to know? It's worse than a Chinese puzzle. And Lillian was the gayest girl in town long years ago. Ah, me! The idea of married people being so much in love after five years married! It's positively scandalous.

Do you know, darling, our old college pal, Dave Francis, is simply worried to death over his coming European tour. Nobody knows where the money is coming from to pay his passage, I mean. Dave can't understand why he has to put up for steamship tickets and railroad fare from Ghent to Aix when there are others who might do it for him. You know Dave's saving little ways. They are a lesson to all of us who are tempted to spend forty dollars on hats, Jane, and Father says I'm the worst he ever saw in that respect.

The Kerenses all got home from foreign lands, last week, which makes me think that our old Uncle Dick ought to have spent a pretty comfortable summer in Europe, for he did what nobody thought he could accomplish—kept Tom Niedringhaus out of the U. S. Senate when he found he couldn't get in himself. That's more'n most of us can say. I rather expect that Gladys is going to make a stir. She is the baby of the family and, as I remember her several years ago, is a tall, slender young slip of a girl, with nice manners and a pretty smile. She should be well coached, having Mrs. Frank McKenna and her own mother for chaperones and with all the Kerens money and dear Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly just back from abroad to kind of back up with a few functions in the way of quiet dinners that count, I predict for Gladys a great and glorious campaign, beginning with a big ball at the Kerens mansion early in December.

But Jane, we'll have to do a great deal better on the subject of the youthful masculine person, if any of these charming girls are to have a good time. I've overlooked the outlay, taken account of stock as it were, and upon my soul and honor, the array is fierce—that's what it is. Some girl whom I met a few days ago went down to the opening ball of the Union Club last week—a small but extremely nice function. She was a West End girl, and when I met her in the tea factory I commented on the fact that she had been South for her fun. "Give me the South Side Germans every time, when I want genuine relaxation," she declared. "Why, our stuck-up West End Club, the Fortnightly, met a few nights ago, at Mahler's, and of all the slow pokes! We yawned the whole evening because none of the men can hold a candle to those I know on the South Side."

Jane, after the Horse Show it begins to look as if the Lafayette Park and Carondelet region was about the whole thing in St. Louis, doesn't it? I



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always said so anyway, that we are a real fine big Dutch town and we might as well make the best of it in the very beginning. But some of our German manners will bear—er—embellishment, *nicht wahr?* And yet, they're genuine and they don't pretend to like you if they don't, and they do give you a good time, and as for form the high-class Germans have us Americans skinned like Marsyas.

I saw that young Kurtzeborn chap—the youngest littlest one who is so sprightly and good-looking, standing in Huyler's one day last week waiting for candy to be wrapped up for two nice-looking girls he was with. And, Jane, he had the biggest, blackest cigar in his mouth that you ever saw—a regular whopper—and he chewed the end of it all the time that he talked to the two girls. Of course, he paid for their candy boxes, but I couldn't help thinking that the cigar didn't quite become his really refined appearance. Still it's better than a cigarette. Young Kurtzeborn is the one who rushed that pretty Nicholls girl for so long. I used to see them at the theaters all the time, until she married another man. I don't believe he wants to settle down very soon—he doesn't look like that kind. But if he's anything like that tall handsome Freddie Meyer who married one of the Sutherland girls—why, Jane, he's become a perfect model of propriety—lives somewhere out in Cabanne and keeps house and tends the furnace and buys his wife perfectly bootiful clothes—black velvet and point lace, you know, and is a genuine model of domesticity—you never can tell, can you, Jane? and I'm glad that these lively Germans make such good husbands—I mean to marry one of 'em myself, some day, if he'll ask me.

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Jane, did you ever hear of Mrs. Max Koehler? I saw her picture in the *Globe* last Sunday and upon my word of honor, she is new—at least to me. She doesn't trail with the other Koehlers—Anna, that dashing Tillie Krausnick, *et al.*—and I didn't know such a person existed until I saw her picture—rather good-looking, too.

Did you ever meet Mrs. Henry Koehler, Junior?

She was a fascinating San Francisco actress—named Margaret Craven, whose family was somehow mixed up with the Craven-Fair estate—anyhow, she is my choice, and I'll bet large money on her every time—you should have seen the lovely silver service she and Henry sent to the Wade wedding—it was a dream—and made everything in the near vicinity look like cheap junk. Mrs. Henry is the most perfect housewife I ever saw—she runs a big emporium out in Cates or Clemens or some of those far west avenues just as if it was the Planters' Hotel and Colonel Tom Landrum at the helm—and Henry thinks he's the wholest cheese in the creamery—as he ought. Henry is a clever man, too, with such a lot of original ideas—I admire him immensely—and gosh all hemlocks! but haven't they got the spondulix, yes? no?

They used to be great friends—the Zach Tinkers and Henry Koehlers, but of that I do not hear so much these late autumnal days, *mon ami*. Mrs. Zach got back from Crystal City, Arkansas, a few days ago, where she spent a week or two on the farm eating new-laid eggs and fresh-picked pickles. She looks the part. I never have seen in all my blase debutante days, such a fresh complexion, such ripe red lips and such pinky cheeks and milk-white teeth. Jane, we've got the biggest number of handsome women in this town that the world has ever seen. Now you can get up on your—er—hind legs—and dispute that till you're black in the face, but it's a sober fact, just the same, and I don't care who says it ain't so, for it is. Look at Mrs. Fred Gardner, and Mrs. Ed Preetorius, and Mrs. Sel Edgar, Mrs. Chris Kenney, Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert, who is the loveliest young women in these United States, so Jimmie Hyde said, last month, at the Virginia Hot Springs, and Jimmie ought to know—he knows so much about insurance and other things—and Mrs. Eugene Cuen-det, a typical Dresden china beauty, and Mrs. Frank Hammar, whose blonde hair fills me with green envy, and Mrs. Chouteau Scott, who is too luscious for words, and Mrs. Billy Becker, with her bright brown eyes—why, Jane, darling, never before in the walls of a single city were there so many handsome women—you have only to stroll along Wabash avenue or upper Fifth avenue or any other old street to feel the truth of my assertion.

Our widows are coming to the front, Jane, and no mistake, but by Jove, one of 'em surprised me the other day beyond powers of expression. I went to call—she is one of our youngest ones, very handsome and all that, with loads of money and only just getting out of the weeds—and when she insisted on giving me some refreshment, as the afternoon was chilly, why I didn't say a word. The butler came in when she rang and she gave orders for tea which he heard with such peculiar manners—for a butler—that I was astonished. He is one of those coffee-colored niggers—and he seems to run the house, for he listened without the proper kind of deference, and kind of smirked and smiled as if he knew more than he wanted to tell—and altogether, Jane, I felt very uncomfortable and I left as soon as possible and I shan't call there very soon again. I can't stand familiar manners in a servant and this was the limit, Jane, and she stood for it, to my very great surprise.

Several of the buds are having visitors, which is not a bad idea, Jane, when you want to establish a masculine acquaintance. You see, with a girl friend in the house, one feels so much more at liberty to tell all the men, especially those desirable ones, with money, who will give parties and things, to come round and cluster and then, by the time mamma is ready to give the coming-out tea or whatever the family exchequer will permit, why, you've already got quite a following. I hear one or two girls who are "debs" this year are not going to be formally introduced at all. There is a new trick, Jen, on

this old business—and I must say it's a mighty good one, and a great improvement over the old style which prevailed when you and I were young, Jenny. But, thank heaven, we're not so old that it can't be worked in both our cases, provided—but let me tell you. Take the family of a, well, rather unattractive girl, say, with not much snap,—shy, and afraid of men, and not on her feet. You see they haven't the slightest idea whether she will be a hit or not, and in these days when men are so scarce and competition so active, it doesn't do to make bad moves at the start and so queer the game. So mamma just lets "Buddy" kind of slide out, no afternoon reception, no ball at the St. Louis Club, nothing that can be in any way construed to mean a debut. But she gets to meet some men, and she probably knows enough school girls to keep up the luncheons and a few tea fights, and if she's any good at all by the end of the season she has found herself—or she hasn't. Then if the latter be the case, next fall mamma brings her out in due and proper style with all the brass bands, et cetera, so as to push people into line, whether they will or not. I know one girl who slid out two years ago, and who has been doing lively stunts ever since, but this next month she is coming in for a grand blow-out to enter society, and it's tickling everybody who knows her nearly to death. Very sly trick, eh?

I send you the papers about all the boys who were named as almost co-respondents in the O'Connor divorce case. Poor Ralph! It's tough on him. As for Dick, he's out of the running, anyhow, and Harlowe doesn't care; but my, how those fast women do win the boys and get their money! Jenny, I can't write more for I must run along to see Manette Scudder's trousseau; she is to marry Colonel Cramp-ton on the ninth—so here's to you with my love.

BLUE JAY.



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The Fan

By Hermann Sudermann

THERE are few private residences in Berlin. Even very wealthy people live in apartment houses. These are guarded by a concierge who locks the front door punctually every night at ten o'clock. To get in or out after that time it is necessary to possess an iron house key of huge dimensions. Each tenant has at least one of these instruments, which are exceedingly uncomfortable to carry about. But this story is about a tenor and not a key.

One of the women about whom I have read for years is a Mrs. Lily Brand, relict of a Westphalian manufacturer, who, one fine day, took the praiseworthy resolution of departing for a better world and leaving half a million behind him in this. His death was the only sensible thing he ever did. Mrs. Brand came to Berlin like an enchanted princess who had been until then held captive up a factory chimney. She brought with her the habit of blowing gently over her arms, as if still wishing to remove stray specks of coal dust. In other respects she was snow white, pure to the most secret recesses of her heart—a charming little person with slim, white hands, big blue eyes full of ignorant, innocent longing, and tousled auburn hair. Smiling wistfully, she sat waiting for—Love.

We all paid our court, but we were none of us good enough for her. We were too shallow, she said; it was only our pretensions that were deep, fathomless.

"He must be my fate, as I shall be his," she once said to me with a melancholy upward glance of her eyes, "but he must have the strength to renounce, as I shall have." She sighed deeply. I also sighed. And then we laughed at each other.

It happened about the same time that a famous singer appeared in Berlin to fulfil a short engagement at the Opera.

The world of women received him with open arms; they applauded him and dined him and wined him—a little tremblingly, too, for the aureole of the wildest kind of Don Juan romanticism surrounded his person, and never yet, so it was said, had a woman been able to withstand his stormy onslaught. Everyone knows the blissful terror with which the hypersensitive feminine imagination hails the appearance of such a messiah; we all know how infectious the fever is.

After all, is not the tenor the ideal male? He wears the glorious costume of the soldier, crams a hero's life of gallant feats into a few hours every evening, and carols his magnetic high C like—a tenor. Who can wonder at his success with the weaker sex? He delights their eyes, excites their imagination and soothes their senses. The only thing he usually lacks is the feeling for ideal love. Woe to the romantic woman who thinks to find in the man what the singer promises so sweetly.

Mrs. Brand caught the universal intoxication even more violently than did the others; for in her the soft longings of the love-craving woman were united with the fascinating terror of the curious child.

Fairly beside herself with delight, she returned from the opera, where she had seen him for the first time in all his glory, received with cheers, bombarded with laurel wreaths.

Two days later she obtained an invitation from a friend, a leader of society, which bore in one corner, plus the engraved formula, the penciled words: "He will be there."

She smothered her slender figure in a billowy ocean of lace, and with trembling hands fastened fragrant roses in her tresses. Fair and timid as a water nymph who gazes for the first time on the splendors of the upper world, she entered the ballroom. He had not yet arrived. It was even feared that he might at the last moment decline. Men like him

could allow themselves such little irregularities. Breathlessly waiting, she sat there—and with her all the others.

Toward half-past ten a joyful flutter ran through the room. From the hall came the glad news. The door opened. It was he! His tired glance swept negli-

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November 3—3 p. m., Yeatman High School Literary Club.

November 4—8 p. m., International Union of Steam Engineers, Local Union, No. 2, Fraternal Hall, Eleventh and Franklin avenue, "Public Ownership."

November 5—11 a. m., Religio Philosophic Society, Recital Hall, Odeon; Subject: "Robert Burns—Poet—Man—Reformer." 8 p. m., First Church of Spiritual Unity, Odeon, fifth floor; Subject: "Permanent Influence of Taxation on the Social Movement."

November 6—8:30 p. m., Compton Hill Council, Royal Arcanum, Strassberger Conservatory of Music, Grand and Shenandoah; Subject: "The French Revolution of 1789."

November 7—8 p. m., Political Economy class, Guild Room, Holy Communion Church, Twenty-eighth and Washington avenue; Subject: "The Simplicity of Economic Laws."

November 8—8:30 p. m., North End Council, Royal Arcanum, Boecker's Hall, Twentieth and Bissell streets; Subject: "Henry George and His Doctrines."

November 9—8:30 p. m., Valley Council, Royal Arcanum, Vandeventer and Finney; Subject: "The French Revolution of 1789."

November 10—8:30 p. m., Benton Council, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows' Building; Subject: "Public Ownership of Public Utilities."

November 11—Open.

November 12—3:30 p. m., Central Trades and Labor Union, Walhalla Hall, Tenth and Franklin; Subject: "How to Prevent Strikes." Same date, First Church Spiritual Unity, Odeon, Fifth floor; Subject: "Single Tax vs. Socialism."

November 13—8:30 p. m., Delmar Council, Royal Arcanum, Finney and Vandeventer avenue; Subject: "The French Revolution of 1789."

November 14—8:30 p. m., Retail Grocers' Association, Imperial Building, 10th and Pine streets; Subject: "Single Tax, etc."

November 15—8 p. m., Young Men's Hebrew Association, N. W. corner Taylor and Olive street; Subject: "Sources of Public Corruption."

November 16-17—Open.

November 18—8 p. m., Educational Alliance, Ninth and Carr streets; Subject: "Burns, Poet, Man, Reformer."

November 19—8 p. m., Society of Soul Culture, Henneman Hall, 3723 Olive street; Subject: "The Psychology of Economics."

November 20—Open.

November 21—8 p. m., joint meeting of Local Electrical Workers' Unions, Nos. 1, 2, 50, 59, 128, 309, 367, 462, at Lightstone's Hall, Eleventh and Franklin; Subject: "Initiative and Referendum."

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gestly over the room, seeking his hostess, whom he scarcely knew. A Byronic lock of hair fell gloomily over his furrowed brow. A faint, exotic scent emanated from his person.

"It is he—he is my fate!" whispered Mrs. Brand, and lowered her sparkling glance to her lap, for she could scarcely bear the dazzling sight of him.

He disappeared into one of the deserted adjacent apartments. It wasn't worth his while to waste time on conversation.

Later it was whispered about the rooms: "He will sing!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Mrs. Brand, "I shall never be able to bear it! I know I shall do something foolish!"

He appeared again on the surface. His gloved hands swept nervously over his temples, at which the gloomy lock fell lower over his eyebrows. Evidently he was imitating Rubinstein.

He began. He had chosen Tosti's wailing aria, "Vorrei morir," the same with which Mierczewski reaped such rich triumphs later. A world of immeasurable woe streamed out of his mouth. The tones lashed the women's nerves like whips. There lay in them the wild outcry of the foiled seeker of happiness, the last breath of the blissfully dying. The mad grief of Laocoon was written on the singer's brow. His dimmed eye roamed about the room as if seeking to cling to something before it broke. And, behold! It rested on Mrs. Brand's lovely little person!

An electric shiver ran down her back. "Vorrei morir," she repeated dreamily. Her eye had looked upon her savior—now she could die.

At supper-time the hostess came to her, and pressing her hand with the touched emotion of a benefactress, whispered: "Thank me, Lily; you are to sit on his left."

I took her in to supper. It was no pleasure, I can tell you, for that night I was air to her. Her eyes devoured his every gesture. She breathed in the gusts of air his waving sleeves created.

He drew off his gloves and threw them into an empty wineglass. A veritable armor of diamonds blazed on his long, yellow hands. Between his fingers clung little grains of powder, which he rubbed lovingly into the skin.

He was monosyllabic—great men always are.

Once in a while he tossed his hostess a compliment as one throws a bone to a little dog. She gnawed at it blissfully.

Mrs. Brand he deigned to overlook.

He occupied himself all the more eagerly with his plate. The lobster pasties met with his full approval; he helped himself twice to roast lamb; at sight of the trout the first gleam of joy came over his gloomy countenance, and the poulardes won him completely back to life. Between whiles he poured down the old Chambertin in streams.

At length a milder look fell on Mrs. Brand also. "Did my song please you?" he asked, with the air of a man who contemplates solving the riddle of the universe.

"Oh, how can I thank you?" she stammered.

"Do not thank me," he interrupted her, laying his hand confidentially on her arm—I had known her a year and a half, and had never dared to permit myself such a liberty. "It was you who inspired me, and if some faint echo of my innermost feelings trembled in my song, I have only you to thank for it." He said it quietly and fluently as one says something one has learned by heart.

After that I left Mrs. Brand to her fate. She had succeeded in fascinating the singer, for, when supper was over, he drew her into a dark corner where he chatted with her for fully half an hour.

Soon after, and long before the end of the ball, he took his leave.

"Probably he has domestic affairs to look after in

THE LAW OF LOVE

— BY —

WILLIAM MARION REEDY



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a few ladies' boudoirs," a cynical guest insinuated to me, as he watched him disappear into the ante-room.

The next morning Mrs. Brand sent for me, and, beaming with happiness, told me what had occurred in the blessed corner.

She had discovered an extraordinary harmony of soul between herself and the singer. Regarding the conception of Love as Fate he had been entirely of her opinion, and his version of the theory of renunciation was stricter even than her own.

I had my own thought, but took good care to keep them to myself. I wish now I had not been so tactful.

The end of her tale was that, in his unbounded enthusiasm, he had put her fan, with which he had been toying, into his pocket and refused to surrender it again.

"What shall I do about it?" she asked in seeming helplessness, while her joy at the theft shone traitorously out of her eyes.

"It would be best," I suggested half jokingly, "for you to write to him and ask him to give you back the *corpus delicti* personally!"

She blushed all down her neck. The thought was evidently not new to her.

Immediately afterward I took my leave.

When I asked her about the fan, a week or so later, she seemed greatly confused and avoided a direct answer. Two months went by before I ascertained the solution to the enigmatical incident that had cost the poor woman so many hours of peaceful sleep.

The thought that she must recover the fan at any cost had from that moment become fixed in her

mind. She even let her wounded dignity into the field in order to command herself into an effort for arranging a meeting. At last she took the heroic resolve and wrote to his hotel as follows:

Dear Sir:

I beg you to give me back my property. For this purpose I shall expect you on Saturday at twelve o'clock in room fourteen of the National Gallery.

LILY BRAND.

You can see how naive she still was. To order a man like him to a museum, where schoolgirls and students have their rendezvous!

Half dazed with fright she sat, at the time appointed, on the lounge in the middle of the hall and stared anxiously toward the door.

He allowed her to wait fully a quarter of an hour, but that was as it should be. At last he appeared, enveloped in a costly fur coat and with a blue silk scarf before his mouth. He looked cross and seemed to be in a hurry.

His glance swept over the room and remained fixed upon her dubiously. He was evidently short-sighted, for he stared at two other women afterward, and, had she not come to his aid with a faint smile, he might perhaps have passed her by.

At the call of her smile, however, he at once advanced, smiling kindly, and took her hand.

"My dearest love!" he said.

He looked at her again with the same strange, retrospective, doubtful expression, such as one wears when one is trying to remember something.

"It was a little dark," he said at last softly, as if to apologize for the look.

She glanced up at him with astonishment.

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"Yes, it was a little dark—in the corner," she replied bashfully.

He smiled. She did not understand the smile, but there was something in it that made her blush.

"Oh, I was gloriously happy!" he added and squeezed her hand meaningly.

She had risen, but he seated himself directly in front of her on the leather sofa and—stretched out his legs.

The movement reminded her of her deceased husband. Something of the nonchalance of the husband lay in it. She felt very uncomfortable and blushed anew.

Again she noticed his puzzled glance upon her. This time he even shook his head.

"It's deuced hot here," he remarked, opening his fur coat and pulling off his gloves. One of his diamond rings slipped from his finger and fell to the floor.

He bent down phlegmatically.

"I must not lose that," he said; "it is a keepsake from Princess —." He paused, smiling conceitedly.

She started. Impossible! She could not have heard aright.

He twisted the ring slowly down over his finger-joints and eyed its companions lovingly.

"Look at this one here," he began. She interrupted him hastily.

"Do you know our gallery already?" she asked.

"No," he replied and raised his hand to his mouth to stifle a yawn.

"I am intensely sorry, my dear lady," he continued carelessly, but *what* he was intensely sorry about she was never to know, for suddenly he stopped and clapped his hand to his throat, whence issued two gruesome, gurgling sounds.

"Oh, I've caught cold again!" he cried in alarm, "and to-night I must sing! This change of temperature—must hurry off or I shall get as hoarse as a crow."

He rose and plunged his right hand into the wide pocket of his overcoat, from which he drew a square, white parcel tied with a pink silk ribbon. He hesitated a moment—again the doubting look—then, as if taking a desperate resolution he whispered, with a meaning smile:

"And here is what you wanted."

She took the package mechanically. She scarcely dared to move, so ill at ease did she feel.

He seized her hand to say good-bye.

"How dearly I should like to kiss you on the forehead, my darling," he whispered.

"For heaven's sake!" she cried out.

"But there are people here," he continued, with a quiet smile. "Au revoir—to-night at the Opera!"

With that he hurried out.

She stared after him as if turned to stone. "Why did he treat me so?" she stammered. How glad would she have been to feel some joy; but she felt more like crying!

Absolutely dazed, she hurried home.

Once there she opened the box.

An intoxicating scent of flowers rose from it. On top a sheet of paper met her eye, on which were scrawled the words:

"Eternal memory of Love's sweet hour."

And underneath, bedded on dark red roses, lay, instead of the fan—a house-key.

From "*Tales*" for November.

♦ ♦ ♦

De Flagello Myrteo

NOT so with the description of their bridal, which could proceed from Laon alone. But his ardent words offend none, for they are spoken in Heaven.

Perfect Love casts out Prudery together with Fear.

Perhaps Love never feels for his Love quite as he ought till he is able to say to her with perfect justice and sincere conviction, "O you foolish little creature!"

Eros did in one respect fail in his duty to Psyche; he gave her gems and pearls, scarves and zones, odours and unguents, kisses and embraces without number: but he never gave her anything to forgive.

Joy to forgive and joy to be forgiven
Hang level in the balances of Love.

Teach thy Love, and rejoice if she better the instruction: but beware lest, like an unwise ruler, thou extend the domain of her mind at the expense of its peace.

Remember, saith the Buddhist, that in striving to become noble for thy Love's sake, thou makest merit for her also, and profitest her as well as thyself in the world to come.

The alchemists strive to make gold out of base metals: and there are those who would make Love out of sensuality and self-interest.

The heart of gold befits any virtue rather than Love: for gold is the hardest to melt of any of the metals.

As the prophet would have perished but for the raven, so would Love often expire but for the duenna.

Love would sometimes be in danger of drowning in his own honey, stood not Unlove and Dispeace at hand to draw him forth.

The fruit of Love is savory to the core;
And even his wormwood is not all distaste.

Cupid is as the little barking dog that chases the flock of Eros along the road of Life.

Cupid can tame lions, but not himself.

The torch of Cupid emits much heat but little light; but the torch of Eros enlightens even more than it inflames.

Eros deports himself reverently towards all the Gods: but Cupid would make a kite of the veil of Isis.

The Western man drove the Oriental out of Greece in the days of Themistocles. O that the Western ideal of Woman could have done the same!

If one had disparaged Laura to Petrarch, and Beatrice to Dante, indignation would have made Petrarch voluble, and Dante dumb.

My Love has said things which have made me feel as one who, wandering through a fair grove, suddenly comes upon Heaven reflected in a still water.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If there is any exception to this divine maxim, it is the kiss of Love.

One kiss cannot bestow the sweetness of a thousand, but may bestow more assurance than a million.

She who hath kissed, although her frame be screened, Hath robed her soul in Coan drapery.

Theatrical

"A Fair Exchange."

A St. Louis author's play should have had a better audience than "A Fair Exchange" had Sunday night.

It's a neat, well-groomed, snappy, wholesome, easy, saucy, gusty, crackling, trim, jolly little play. The plot is old. The situations are time worn, but the glamour of smart speech and pretty women and a dash of sentiment carry it through happily.

The pretty women are all good actresses. Lizzie Hudson Collier is rich and warm and shapely, soft voiced, mistress of a gentle role, and expressive of refined womanliness. She is, in fact, splendid in this genteel comedy, and best in the little scenes of tenderness with her brother in the play and with the ingenue.

Bijou Fernandez, in the role of a very epigrammatic shrew, gave several brilliant flashes of intensity, and bore herself most attractively in a part not written to please an audience. Her spirit and grace make the spectators pardon all her little villainies.

The ingenue, Claire Kulp, is very engaging, with her silver fluting voice, her face, that is better than beautiful, because so freshly expressive, her child-old way of speaking, her odd little forthrightness and prim, pert walk. Her scenes with every one of the company in turn were carried with an ease and sureness most refreshing. She was arch without ogling, uncertain without being flighty, and clever without being cunning. There's been nothing better than she out this way in a long time, and we shall hear more of her and her rare quality of slightly unconsciously sophisticated ingenuousness.

Even the servant girl was played up to the smart rapid-fire requirements of the play, and the young woman who loved the wicked young man who loved highballs was quite in line with the others, never doing or saying more than she should, and holding herself to simple methods. She was not noticed by the critics of the dailies Monday morning, but she should have been, for the very charm of her dewy simplicity. Her name is Chayne Olney.

Thomas W. Ross played the hero. He did it up to the dot of elegant effectiveness. His part is not hard. All he has to do is look himself and act like a thoroughly wise young club fellow, with a dash of sentiment and perfect spraying fountain of smart talk. He is natty clean through, graceful in motion, alert of mind and thoroughly spick and span as to character. He hasn't much acting to do. The lines carry him along all the time, and it isn't what he does, but what he says that counts, but he's a chap who corals the affections of the audience at the start, and never misses out by being too smart.

Mr. Parsons, the jagster, has another talk part, and he plays it up against the role of the leading man in a way that is remarkable. The play, in fact, gives every one a chance to say things. Mr. Parsons is effectively droll, and his alcoholic philosophy is almost convincing, but always unique in its point of view.

Leftwich Murray's Englishman is quite to the life, and not at all the caricature a less cultured performer would have made it. He is as sincerely square and as fumblingly honest, and as unconsciously funny therein as any British gentleman ever portrayed on the stage.

John Flood, a swell Wall street villain, was just the thing. He showed the whites of his eyes, and his sneer and smirk deftly, carried his gloves as correctly and bore himself as jauntily in exposure as the most earnest devotee of the melodrama could exact—yet without once plunging into the bathos

of villainy. Mighty good actor, John Flood.

Forrest Robinson as a commodore bustled and blustered on once or twice, and filled out the picture most agreeably with what little there was for him to contribute. The valet and the waiter and the commodore's nephew were played in proper key of subsidiariness.

The show is a satisfactory evening's amusement in all respects. But the play, as a play, is the veriest chaff and skimming of the surface of life. It is nothing but what the actors make it, outside of the well developed retorts, quips, apothegms, epigrams and salutes. It is all very up-to-date as to tone and feeling and manners and pose and form, but there's nothing of heart in it. It lacks any depth or breadth, but there is some thickness in the speech of the highball young man. It is not worth thinking about as drama, but it is well worth seeing and hearing, or rather, the men and women are. But one wonders if it would ever have been if there had never been a "Lady Windemere's Fan" or a William Collier. And—once again—the women of the cast are a feast of freshness of charm. So, there!

Pretty "Woodland."

"Woodland," the musical what-you-may-call-it, is breaking into the Western game, at the Olympic this week, and there's at this writing scarcely any doubt that it will get in it all right, since it is another of those music shows so popular nowadays.

There is nothing much adversely to be said of "Woodlands." It is really worth while. It is a sort of a mild theatrial idyl, moving about under most unidyllic conditions, but it is pretty, and to a degree fascinating in the splendor of some of its ensembles, costumes and music, and general uniqueness. There's one thing, at least, to be thankful for in comparing it with other current musical showpieces—there are no "nutty" monarchs of impossible places, brigand bands, swashbucklers or ginger bread to deal with. It is a wholesome picture of the forest depths, and their singing denizens. It's so dainty in fact, that it's almost a sacrilege to belabor it with some of the comedy that it's the fate of Harry Bulger and Sherman Wade to dispense. But that seems to be something to which all else in music shows is secondary, so it can't be helped here. However, if Mr. Bulger, who is always a tolerably clever peddler of the laugh-making goods, does seem to be "taking candy from the baby here," he makes his role of the mischievous *Blue Jay*, one for which the audience is always on the

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qui vive. He's full to the bulwarks of made-to-order gags, and rattles 'em off as though he's afraid of them himself, and before his audience has caught the gist of one, he's reeling off one or two more. Some of his "stuff" approaches close to the real article, but it lacks the applicability to the piece. It reminds a person of the vaccination that takes too well—useful, but painful. And yet Mr. Bulger's is a great improvement on the work of several others of recent call, at whom the people almost went into hysterics.

He and Mr. Wade, the latter as *General Rooster*, are patient, and what they may lack either in lines or situation necessary to produce "giggleomania" they make up for in one or two comic songs that are quite out of the ordinary in tickle, topic, time and pace.

Speaking of singing, Walter Lawrence easily tops all the male members of the cast. He possesses an elegant voice, and renders a duet, "Dainty Little Ingenue," with Miss Bertyne Mortimer, that is most agreeable to the ear. And the winsome Miss Mortimer her-

self, sings a solo, "The Tale of a Turtle Dove," which is the music number of the piece, something that is more than ephemeral. Miss Greta Risley is the accomplished singer of the bunch, however. Miss Risley is prepossessing of appearance, has an excellent contralto, and acts as well as sings her songs, thereby heightening the effect immensely. "Will You Be My Little Bride," one of her solos, is an excellent blend of something classy with ragtime, and "Society," is a stunner. And then there's pretty Helen Hale, who appears as *Jenny Wren*. Helen can do anything there's to be done on the stage, apparently. She's as nimble of foot as she is of tongue, and altogether, a most delightful personality before the audience. She sings and dances like a wood nymph. Louise Tozier is another striking "bird"—strong on looks—resembles the pictures of the famous Peg Woffington—and stronger still of voice. Miss Tozier can sing, and does sing—sings as though she likes to and not altogether for the "dough" that's in it. Her heart is in it, and she makes a most pleasant impression. There are a number of other good voices, and an especially strong male chorus.

"The Winning Girl."

There's just enough of everything dramatic in "The Winning Girl," the breezy attraction at the Garrick this week to maintain a balance and the element of variety thus obtained makes it one of the best pieces of light entertainment seen here this season. It's realistically American throughout, and its comedy is along broad lines, fresh and clean and spontaneous. The plot of this composite piece is built upon the scandal that is created by a yellow-journalist of the scandal seeking class, and which involves an actress, some business men and one of their wives. The main story branches off into others; and all lead to a genuine, lively and laughable climax, with lots of fun in the unraveling. The production is punctuated plentifully with some of the sweetest music, and it is peppered also with appropriate specialties and chorus maneuvers. And it is all harmoniously hung together so that the breaks in the story is scarcely noticeable.

The company is one that bears the mark of some one's selective skill—evenly balanced and thoroughly capable. Miss Caroline Hull is a captivating *Violet Dare*, the footlights' favorite. She is a comedienne, with apparently thorough conception of comedy, and though she is just making her way to the front, is assured of a niche in the thespian temple. Blanche Deyo is also amusing as the owner of a manicure parlor, and Mabel Fenton infuses into her society matron, a lot of the element of realism.

Fred Bond plays the old financier, who is a howling success in Wall street, but a nimcompoop in matrimonial affairs with rare gusto. Charles J. Ross knows the varieties and vagaries of the self-made individual, and exploits *John Endicott* with a penchant for the turf, to a fare-you-well. *Fletcher Norton*, the reporter, is amusing and always funny, as are the two Western boys of the ranch impersonated by Mart E. Helsey and Charles Halton. The stage settings are pretty, in keeping with the rest of the show, and "The Winning Girl," which has just "hit the road," may be said to be a "winner" for true.

"The Runaways," one of the most popular of last season's musical shows, is at the Grand under its old name, it's true, but mighty changed as to body and changed for the better too. There is so much new material it is difficult to say what's old. George Evans is seen in the leading comedy part of *Butch*, and he is seen because he looms large to the vision histrionically. Mr.

Evans is a pretty wise comedian, that is, he sticks closely to his knitting, the lines, and when it's time to sing, he sings, and sings much more unctiously than he "comediates" and at that he is quite laughable. Charlie Dox and Franklyn Evans manage to knock plenty of amusement out of their respective roles, and the latter's singing is a sure enough hit with the Grand patrons this week. So is that of Margaret Sutherland and Carolyn Walker. In short, the show is good all around with a large company of capables and an interesting chorus.

It takes brave men and braver women to participate in the tumultuous and warlike "Young Buffalo, King of the Wild West," which is showing at the Imperial this week. Everybody in the piece totes a pistol or two, and there's some tall gun speech when the "boys" get their gats to working up excitement—a regular battle and a Wild West scene for true. Harold La Costa is the hero, and he looks and acts the part clean up to the handle. He crawls out

of some creepy situations and his work is warmly appreciated. Chas. Drake, in the role of a western judge, is also quite pleasing. By the way, there are with the show some real live blanket Indians, all in paint and feathers, and an Indian boy to heighten the reality of the scenes. The story is laid in the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota, where it was once possible for all that Mr. Blaney, the playwright, says in this piece, to have occurred.

"The Knights of the Red Garter" are presenting a high-class burlesque show at the Gayety this week. George W. Rice, the well-known comedian, drags many a laugh out of his audience. The Van Brothers and a farce presented by Cain, Evans and Wheeler are the hits of the olio. Miss Idylla Vyner, Blanche Newcome, the Lane sisters, and the Bison City Quartette also contribute much to the merit of the performance, with songs and other specialties.

Jimmy Britt in his monologue stunt is easily more popular with the St. Louis

idol worshipers than Nelson. They have been flocking to the Standard to see the vanquished fighter. And Jimmy entertains them in first-class style, and his stage presence is satisfactory too. The Kentucky Belles, with whom Britt is showing, are putting up a high class show in addition. "Murphy's Mistakes," a lively farce in which Jack Reid, Etta Gilbert, and Frank Carroll show to exceptionally good advantage, keeps the audience in very good humor. In the line of specialties, the four Melvins, present a sensational acrobatic act and others in the company give good account of themselves.

Coming Attractions.

"Babes in the Woods," a gorgeous production of English origin, will be seen for the first time in St. Louis at the Garrick next Sunday, where it opens a week's engagement with a matinee. In scenic effects, costumes and ensembles it promises to be one of the showiest attractions ever seen here. There are over 100 girls employed in the pro-

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duction, and the cast includes the English pantomimist, Fred Walton, Cheridah Simpson, Lillian Coleman, Carrie Behr, John L. Kearney, Richard Craven, Florence Trevelyan, Junie McCree, Tim Cronin, Maud Miller, Mabel Wilbur, Lillian Wolcott, Edward Latell. More than 100 musical numbers, all song hits, are rendered, and fully 200 persons are required to produce the piece which is well supplied with comedy, and entertaining specialties.

Francis Wilson will be seen at the Olympic next week at the head of a clever company, in two comedies, one a three-act farce by Clyde Fitch, known as "Cousin Billy," the other a one-act piece, "The Little Father of the Wilderness." As Mr. Wilson, is an actor of the higher order, the best entertainment the vehicles afford, may be expected. Both productions are new to St. Louis theater-goers, but they have won genuine approval elsewhere.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, in her new musical comedy, "Love's Lottery," will be at the Century next week opening her engagement with a matinee next Sunday. Mme. Schumann-Heink is said to be particularly happily cast in this production that's new to St. Louis, and she is also said to be well supported. The vehicle of entertainment is also highly praised.

"Lovers and Lunatics," a piece new to St. Louis, and which promises a variety of entertainment popular with the Grand's patrons will be seen at that play-house next week, commencing with a matinee Sunday. Ford and Gehrue, with a company of capables, are said to be giving a pleasing performance in it.

Imperial patrons will have a good, hearty laugh next week, commencing with the matinee Sunday, of "The Funny Mr. Dooley." Every one is familiar with Dooleys in their own or other neighborhoods, and with Finley Dunn's celebrated Irish philosopher also. Paul Quinn will do *Dooley* at the Imperial and will be backed up in his part by a clever bunch of young thespians.

The Transatlantic Burlesquers will furnish the amusement at the Gayety next week. They will present several well-known fun makers, a high class set of specialties, and a travesty or two to spice the entertainment. The company is said to be a capable one.

The original Britt-Nelson fight pictures will be shown for the first time in St. Louis next week at the Standard Theater. The pictures are said to be exceptionally clear, especially that of the knock-out round. Following the two fighters the moving pictures should draw well. In addition to them a very good bill will be offered by the Merry-makers' Burlesque Company, including a variety of comedy, new songs and good specialties generally.

Next Sunday night will be made memorable at the Odeon by the production of "Adam and Eve," one of the most pretentious operatic farces, and several good song and dance interpolations by the capital singers with which the stock company abounds this season. Emilie Schoenfeld, Hans Kissling, Gustav Hartzheim, Frida Kahle and a well drilled chorus are in position to make the musical divertissement at the German Theater very interesting, and way above anything ever had in St. Louis. A number of novelties are now being rehearsed, among them "Das neue Gebot." (The new Commandment); Schiller's "Fiesco," which will be given in honor of the great poet's birthday, "Freudvoll and

Lidvoll," Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," (The Bat), which drew a \$30,000 house at the Metropolitan Opera last season for the benefit of Director Conried, "Hanni weint und Hansi lacht," "Die Bruecker von St. Bernhard," (The Monks of St. Bernhard), and "Muenchner Kindl," a delightful picture of the "Bohemia," of Munich, the Bavarian capital.

Tissot's Old Testament.

BY JEAN JACQUES PINX.

Some hundred thousand St. Louisans are more or less familiar with the Bible. Yet familiarity with the Bible implies only the knowledge of the stories thereof in their motive and their moral. Bible stories are not realized fully as to their setting, and so the paintings of Tissot, over three hundred in number, on exhibition at the Crow Museum of Fine Arts, have an educational value in addition to whatever value they may have as *art pour l'art*. They give the beholder the color, the atmosphere, the spirit of place of the scenes wherein were enacted the stories of the Old Testament. The characters are painted from the men and women living in the Bible lands to-day, and they have a fidelity to the oriental quality of the incidents depicted that could not be attained in paint by any imagining of the details at a great remove. I cannot say that Tissot has wrought great art. I am afraid he hasn't. He has wrought to capture the pious. He hasn't done for Palestine what Renan did in letters. There is more archaeology than art in the pictures. There is more didacticism than beauty for itself. Much of it is theatrical to a dangerous nearness to the meretricious. Tissot paints almost too literally, which is not to condemn his realism, but only to say he has painted for the story, and this is the embryo of artistry. His realism, therefore, is objectionable because it is not toned to the spiritual reality, but to the material exactitude of detail. Tissot's other Bible pictures, dealing with the Christ, exhibited here some years ago, had a like defect, marring their—shall I say mechanical?—exactitude, but those were stronger, more noble, more intensely grasped than these Old Testament pictures. The painter is careful beyond doubt, but somehow he lacks the big conception of the scenes. Still, what would you? He could not have done so many had he been fulfilled of the force and significance of three or four scenes, and so we must fall back upon the theory that his work's even and diffused merit as a whole makes it a great performance. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to ask of these pictures that they be of the art magnificent. After all, they were designed primarily as illustrations, and are so used, or to be used, in an edition of the Bible. Illustration is not in the realm of great art. It is purely literary in its quality, story telling to the eye. Great art lifts us out of the story and draws us into the souls of the scenes it portrays. Nevertheless these 373 Tissot paintings are very well worthy of study by the public. They are a brilliant series of workmanlike pictures, painted with more scrupulous care than intense feeling. They are evangelical in appeal, and not strictly directed to the aesthetic sense in its higher phase. They appeal to one's religious emotions or reminiscences rather than to one's sense of creative power in the artist. The glory is within us, and not in the pictures—unless I am all wrong.

But everyone should see the Tissot collection. It will be at the museum for a month. A nominal charge is made on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week, when students of the School of Fine Arts are at work. On Friday, Saturday and

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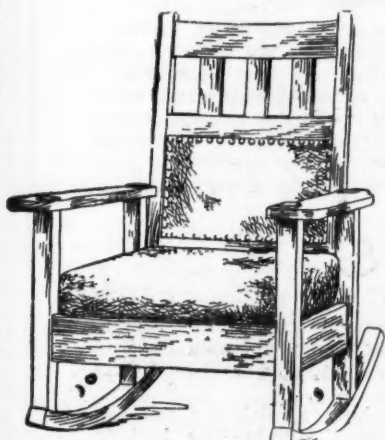
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Sunday afternoon the public is admitted without cost to all the galleries, including that in which the Tissot paintings are shown. The collection will make the Bible clearer to many people to whom the personages of the Old Testament, at least, are but little more now than vague abstractions. There is much of interest to be learned from the pictures in the matter of coloring, much, too, of the knack of the effective stroke on the eye, in the arrangement of the scenes. The truth of the work to at least the superficies of life in the Bible lands is remarkable indeed, and the scope of the narrative in paint is positively enormous—from Genesis to Malachi. The work is calculated most exquisitely to the mental meridian of the multitude, and will be undoubtedly educative in the highest sense, and thus be a fulfilling of the purposes of the institution in which the display is given. I hope that the exhibition will be viewed by a vast number of people during the next twenty-eight days.

♦♦♦

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The advisability of burning Bernice in your base burner, grate or furnace is apparent for many reasons, aside from that of economy. But while on this question of economy, it is well for the consumer of coal to know that there is a difference in buying coal first hand

from the producers and in buying it from jobbers. In the former instance, he saves the jobbers' profits; in the latter he loses them—he pays the freight rates as well as the middlemen's profits. And here again is a point in favor of Bernice which goes direct from producer to consumer.

But Bernice has other claims on the consumer besides this. It has been compared in tests with the Pennsylvania coal and found to be better in the most essential points. It ignites quicker, burns longer, and at lower pressure of draft, does not coke or swell and leaves no clinkers at all.

The Pennsylvania anthracite, as all users of it know, is hard to kindle, and must be kept under constant high draft in order to prevent the fire dying out.

With Bernice a fire may be kindled immediately, and with dampers down, it will burn to the finest ash, a great desideratum in the long cold nights and days when a regular flow of heat from stove, or furnace, or grate, is demanded in the home or office.

Furthermore, there is not the danger of the lack of supply, as was experienced with the Eastern product here a couple of winters after the mining troubles in the East. The Bernice coal is mined at the very doors of St. Louis, in the Shinn Slope district of Arkansas, and the haul to St. Louis, compared with the Eastern coal is but a question of hours.

For these very reasons, Bernice anthracite coal should appeal to all as the ideal fuel. It involves little or no labor. A hod of it will preserve fire in a grate or stove one whole day, and leave but a shovel or two of powdery ash. It throws off as much heat as the only other coal resembling it and is cheaper and more accessible.

It is handled exclusively by the Union Fuel Company, who have their offices

in the Dolph Building, Seventh and Locust streets, and if ordered in the summer can be obtained at even a more reduced price than is now asked, and the present price, remember, is \$1 per ton less than the Pennsylvania anthracite. Order now and be comfortable at home all winter, and at the office if possible.

♦♦♦

Prize Essays of School Children

Deep interest is manifested by the pupils of St. Louis' public and parochial schools in the composition contest for prizes instituted by the General Compressed Air House Cleaning Company of 4436-38 Olive street. Boys and girls alike have taken a hand in writing essays on the given subject, "House Cleaning Then and Now," and it is surprising the interest that attaches to the contributions and the high order of talent that is possessed by the school-boys and girls of St. Louis. The large number of money prizes and the added one of a fine globe atlas, to be given to the class room of the school which furnishes the first prize winner, has created a spirit of rivalry which has extended from pupils to teachers, classrooms and entire schools all vying with one another to capture the double first prize. The essays thus far furnished show that the public generally is awake to all the features and benefits of the new method of house cleaning; in fact, they indicate that the old method has, to a considerable extent, been abandoned, especially in the clearing of big residences and theaters, places of business, offices and churches.

♦♦♦

Cynic (savagely): They say the fashionable mother of to-day recognizes her baby only by looking at the nurse!

Fashionable Mother (unmoved): How extraordinarily clever when one changes nurses so often! I always tell ours by the baby carriage.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Music

Opening of the Season.

The music season begins with a flourish this year. Several important concerts, and a season of Schuman-Heink comic opera are scheduled for the opening weeks.

The Choral Symphony Society gives its first concert next Tuesday, presenting Jean Gerardy, cellist, as soloist, and Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" as the orchestra feature of the event.

Emma Eames, with her company in a miscellaneous concert, comes next, followed closely by the Apollo Club concert, on which occasion Alice Neilson will divide interest with Arthur Lieber, who appears as the new conductor of the organization. The petite Alice of the flute-like tones returns shortly after this appearance, and will be heard in a public concert, assisted by her company. Emma Calve is due here December 4th, also "ably assisted."

Mr. Robert Patterson Strine is responsible for the Eames-Calve-Neilson visits, and further promises Walter Damrosch's orchestra, with the genial Damrosch, and probably Weingartner as conductors. Mr. Strine also contemplates a concert by Marie Hall, the latest "wonder" on the violin, a recital by Rubinstein, a young Polish pianist, weighted with a great name, and as a grand finish, a season of grand opera by Conried's Metropolitan Opera House Company.

♦♦♦

A certain lady of wealth, living in the North of Ireland, was recovering from a serious illness, and one morning called for an egg, which she ate with much enjoyment. As she passed back the cup and plate to her nurse, she said: "An egg is a delicious thing." Then, with much melancholy: "What a pity," she added, "it is so common among the poor."

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New Books

In that quaint little religious community at Harmony, Ind., the Rappite ascetics, Katharine Evans Blake found the materials for a story as quaint, interesting, romantic, tragic and pathetic as any that have to do with the heart trials of mankind, or, as the place and the people themselves. This community has long attracted attention from the busy outer world with which it maintains merely commercial relations, and much has been written about it, but it remained for Miss Blake to immortalize it in her eloquent story, "Hearts' Haven," and to open the eyes of other novelists to the possibilities of the Middle West and West as a field for fiction. In their little Paradise the Rappites dwell in apparent peace and contentment, but the smile on many a face is but a screen for the tragedy the heart feels. In a moment of religious fervor one day the community entered into a covenant, wives in the presence of husbands, and vice versa, to abandon their marriage vows and live in celibacy as sisters and brothers. Even the maternal love they proscribed, and the nurslings grew up beside parents who claimed them not, children of all. One of them was *Hugh Beneno*, and though he became the promised successor to the leadership of the settlement, he never forgot the wrong he felt had been done him as a child. Even as a young man he longed for parental affection, and naturally felt rebellious towards the custom or law which prevented. But he did not feel the chafe of restraint until his love for *Trillis Devanry* became a reality, and both realized they would have to run away to wed and be happy. And they did so, but old *Fr. Rapp*, the leader of the settlement, overtook them, and by the exercise of his strong influence over them induced the young couple to disavow their marriage and return to the fold as sister and brother. Thus did they toil zealously, and apparently unmindful of the awful suffering each underwent. But one day the young man discovered *Trillis* had become a mother, and that for two

years his child had been abandoned by him, as he had been. Then all the love he felt for both mother and child burst into a mighty flame. Old *Rapp* argued in vain to stay him. He renounced the settlement, and with child and wife, departed to another and fairer world, where Cupid was not in chains. And old *Rapp* gave both his blessing, and then went off among these hundreds of others who daily live the love-craving tragedy in that little old town, with their beloved ones looking indifferently into their withering faces, each steeled against their passion. Incidental to all this story, there is a keen study of the ethics and economics of the community and of the creed or philosophy of Robert Dale Owen, its founder. "Hearts' Haven" is from the press of Bobbs, Merrill & Co. of Indianapolis. Its price is \$1.50.

Julia Ward Richards knows girlhood, its romance, pathos and pleasures, better, perhaps, than any other who has ever tried this field. She has written several interesting books for girls, but her latest work, "The Armstrongs," contains an even stronger appeal than its predecessors. Its chief charm is its unfeigned simplicity. It is merely a series of letters passing between three little city girls, their brother, a lovable spinster aunt and the mother of the children. The girls are in the country with their aunt, on an ancestral farm, and their missives exhale the fragrance of true love, love of the beautiful, devotion to one another, and sweet charity. They are ideal letters of real children, and one is the better for the perusal of them as well as the kindly anxious missives of their dear spinster aunt. The volume is from the press of Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. The price per copy is \$1.25.

If you'd like to have a good long peep at the making of a social success in Washington, D. C., with a tempestuous love-story and not a few hearty laughs on the side, "The Social Secretary," by David Graham Phillips, is the book you should read. It is an absorbing novel of society at the na-



BOYS AND GIRLS

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for which we have been offering \$100 in prizes? This is a great contest—chance to make some Christmas money easy.

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GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING CO., 4436-38 OLIVE STREET.
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tion's capital, and once you take the plunge into it, you'll read on with ever increasing interest to the end. The cleverness of the beautiful girl who conspires, or contrives, to make a social success of the new Senator Burke and his wife, is inescapably admirable. She is an instructor in social customs, diplomat, city buyer, master of all hands, bookkeeper, all in one in the Burke ménage. But there is another character in the story that is more distinctively American, one who becomes endeared to the reader at once—Mrs. Burke, the Senator's plain, plump, loving, democratic spouse. She is naive in speech, shrewd in judgment, and above all, natural and sincere. To her, social success does not spell glory, but an awful sacrifice of all the blessings of home. Yet for her husband's sake she stoically

her own hook but didn't get any further than "bottled hair" to hide the gay and gorgeous tight-fitting satin gowns, all beflowered. And her husband who had directed her hadn't done much better, for when the social secretary came to set them on the right path, he was using a brilliantine on his whiskers, and looked like an over-dressed lay figure. However they were apt and willing students with "dough" and anxious to spend it, and Mrs. Burke's ready wit and natural humor soon blazed the way to every function of importance in the capital, and the Burkes eventually became all the must-ard in the capital's smartest set. The story is well told and nicely printed. It is from the Bobbs-Merrill press of Indianapolis; price \$1.25 per copy.

The Magazines

Tom Watson's Magazine for November shows no signs of a "let up" upon the moneyed princess of the East, the old political parties, and the trusts everywhere. Mr. Watson himself leads the attack with editorial broadsides from his big guns, discussing the scandals of the financial and insurance world. J. Samuel Fowler sets forth "The Real Danger in American Politics;" Ellis Parker Butler tackles "The Story of Amalgamated Pork," and Joseph F. Parsons handles the negro question up-to-date. "Expert Losses" is the theme of Flavius F. Van Haris, and Charles Q. De France writes of "The Distribution of Wealth." There are other articles in this bright, breezy magazine which go straight to the target, and the continued story, "Pole Baker."

In *McClure's* for November Carl Schurz, the eminent German-American statesman and writer, has the first installment of autobiography, "Reminiscences of a Long Life," which, as a whole, promises to be a serial of absorbing interest. The first part is devoted to childhood days, and is aptly illustrated by Reginald Birch. Rudyard Kipling contributes a wonderfully detailed imaginative account of a trip from London to Quebec in an airship, "With the Night Mail;" Ray Stanard Baker presents an exposition of "The Railroad Rate" question, and Charles F. Lummis concludes his entertaining article on "Pioneer Transportation in America," in the same number.

An exceptionally handsome number is *The International Studio* for November, and in matters pertaining to art and artists, it is bright and interesting. Walter Bayes has a careful article on the paintings and etchings of D. Y. Cameron; A. S. Levetus, an instructive one on "The State Schools for Lacemaking in Austria;" E. G. Halton writes knowingly of the Barbazon pictures in the Staats Forbes collection; Sir Adward Sullivan, Bart. discusses ornamental bookbinding in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, and Edward Ertz presents an easy method of making colored xylographic prints. Besides, there is the usual studio talk, book reviews, current art topics and a number of other subjects presented of interest to the fraternity of artists and art lovers.

An excellent illustration of the perfection to which a class publication may attain under capable editorial direction is afforded by *Bit and Spur* for November. It is one of the prettiest and most satisfactory publications devoted to the horse and all kindred things and affairs, ever gotten out. And it is improving with each issue. This latest number covers the news of the show horse world completely and tastily, and its illustrations are costly and perfect. Miss Minnie McIntyre is the able editor of the publication.

Bridge-Whist for a Noble Charity

When the good women of St. Louis go in for charity their ideas always crystalize into something really beneficial to humanity. It has been so in many instances, but particularly in the St. Louis Free Cancer Hospital, with its clinic and X-ray service, the latest charitable enterprise, to be launched in this city. This institution was established at Jefferson avenue and St. Charles street, last July, and already there is evidence that its mission is to be a noble and lasting one. Already every bed contains a patient, and it has been found that the estimate of the number of persons who may be depen-

dent upon it for treatment is far too low, inquiry revealing that the disease and kindred ailments claims many victims in all parts of the city who have had until now, no adequate means of treating the malady. The demands being made upon the institution has revealed the increased necessity for more money to insure its operation, and in order to raise funds to cover the cost of five years' conduct of the hospital, the auxiliary women's board of the institution have arranged to give one of the biggest card parties ever held in St. Louis. It is to be a bridge-whist party, to be given on November 10, commencing at 2 p. m., at the St. Louis Women's Club. The committee in charge of the entertainment is composed of the following ladies: Mrs. Perry Francis, Francis D. Hirschberg, L. M. McCall, Howard Benoist, E. A. Faust, Warwick Hough, G. S. McGrew, John Fowler, Elias Michael, Frank Hammer, R. C. Kerens, James M. Franciscus, John Schroers, R. E. Filley, S. F. Hayward, Charles McL. Clark and George Von Schraeder. The prizes to be distributed among the lucky ones in the games, are of a most artistic design, and are being brought from Paris by Miss Jane Lindsay, especially for this occasion. Cards of admission have been issued, and may be obtained upon application to any of the following members of the Auxiliary Women's Board: Madames George L. Allen, William Bagnell, Lee Benoist, Howard Benoist, W. K. Bixby, J. W. Byrnes, William Boeckler, D. R. Calhoun, G. O. Carpenter, Geo. Castleman, Dan Catlin, Anna L. Chauvenet, A. O. Church, C. McL. Clark, A. C. Clifford, Alex. Cochran, E. G. Cowdery, Eugene Cuendet, Blakesley Collins, John D. Davis, H. N. Davis, J. Hamilton Farish, E. A. Faust, S. W. Fordyce, Jr., John Fowler, Perry Francis, J. M. Franciscus, R. E. Filley, Lindell Gordon, P. Garneau, F. D. Hirschberg, F. V. Hammer, George C. Hitchcock, D. M. Houser, L. J. Hayward, C. H. Huttig, W. J. Kinsella, R. C. Kerens, Jane Lindsay, Warwick Hough, G. McConnell, Louis Hayward, R. McK. Jones, M. Kotany, J. C. Moon, Emilie Maffitt, L. M. McCall, F. B. McKenna, J. L. D. Morrison, Otto Mersman, Elias Michael, T. H. McKittrick, Fred Noller, Alex. Niedringhaus, Dan Nugent, T. K. Niedringhaus, Thomas O'Reilly, Armand Peugnet, Guido Pantaleoni, Edward Preetorius, A. V. Reyburn, George Von Schrader, J. F. Shepley, W. A. Schoemaker, John Schroers, W. S. Scott, Mitchell Scott, Henry C. Scott, B. J. Taussig, Walter Taylor, G. F. Tiffany, Harold Tittman, Ted Walker, B. D. Walker, Jr., Rolla Wells, T. H. West, Jr., O. H. Witte and J. D. Bascom, and Misses Lionberger, Mary Johnson, Annie Mitchell and Myra Tutt.

How Baths Benefit Bathers

The bath's the thing! Nearly everyone is sure of this. All know how good even an ordinary bath in plain water makes one feel, but just imagine feeling about four times that good as a person does after a dip in the Belcher baths at Fourth and Lucas avenue. The light and springy sensation imparted by these excellent curative waters puts the whole body in tune with the best that's in the old world. In other words, it electrifies the bather, gives him new energy and clears away the haze that befores the vision and brain of the tired or sickly. If you feel such a sensation after one bath, what must be the benefits of habitual bathing in the Belcher waters? Have you ever given the matter thought? If you haven't you must be told the Belcher's patrons are the ones that are doing big things in St. Louis and their respective businesses and callings. These waters leave a lasting

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Dr. Mott will give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 333 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Letters From the People

SQUELCH THE LATE THEATER-GOER.

St. Louis, October 28, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

I think the late theater-goer one of the biggest nuisances in civilized society, and I am in favor of establishing a law or rule against them like the anti-spitting ordinance. They are as dangerous as the spitter, or more so, since they get on a person's nerves and make him do some swearing. This form of annoyance and interruption in theaters is growing worse every year, and I think there is behind it a good deal of common vanity; the vanity that seeks to attract notice in all such places of resort or amusement. I have watched this matter closely, and I find that it is even practiced in the churches. Strange to say, the "bad form," or "bad manners" that bolts these delinquent ones into a quiet and crowded auditorium in the very midst of song or apex of a situation seems to be the heritage of none but those whose clothing and ornaments, at least, suggest culture and good breeding. Last Sunday night at the performance of "Sergt. Brue" at the Olympic it was actually distracting to every one, who was trying to catch the drift of things in the opening act, to have dozens of well-dressed and intelligent young couples tearing through the aisles, laughing and chatting, disturbing whole rows of auditors and shutting off the view of stage for others, and causing a general slamming of seats and annoyance to all. If these people must be looked at they should be compelled to have it done elsewhere than the theater. I suggest that the theater managers prohibit all persons coming fifteen or twenty minutes late from going to seats that would necessarily upset the pleasure of the entire audience. Let them take back seats if they can get them, until the intermission or if the house is full, let them stand in the foyer. Put a chain across the aisles, if necessary. These people need such a lesson in common politeness to cure them of the habit. They are nearly always the same offenders, and this makes it all the more annoying.

R. L. VAN,—First Nighter.

Breadon-Christian Nuptials

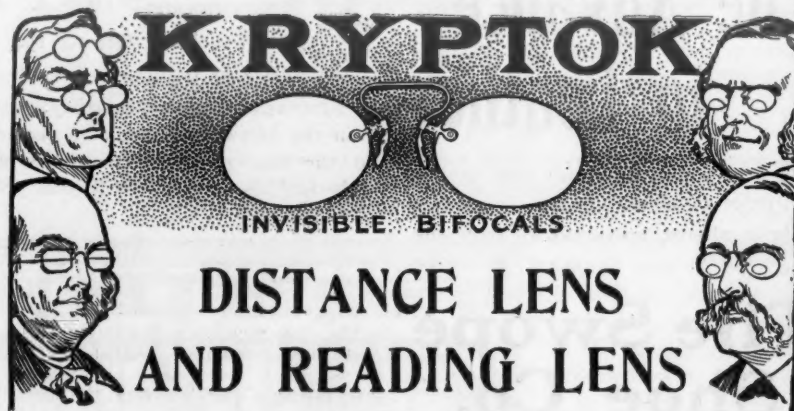
The youngest and one of the best automobile salesmen in St. Louis, Samuel Breadon, is now a benedick, and away on a pleasant honeymoon journey with his bride, who was Miss Josephine Christian of 5860 Fairmont avenue, one of the prettiest, brightest and most popular young ladies in the large circle in which she moved. The wedding was solemnized in St. Louis last week at the residence of the bride's parents. The officiating clergyman was the Rev James Gierhart, an old friend of the contracting parties and their parents, and Mr. Charles Polk was best man. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Breadon set off on a protracted tour of the South, incidentally visiting relatives, and on their return will go to housekeeping in a very pretty flat Mr. Breadon has had furnished in palatial style.

A low, rumbling noise was heard from the direction of the kitchen.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Stay-late, anxiously.

"I'm not sure," she said, as she yawned, "but I think it was the dawn breaking."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Fighter—I see they are wearing gowns longer this year. Mrs. Fighter (savagely)—Well, if they wear 'em any longer than I do they will have to make them out of chain mail.—Chicago News.



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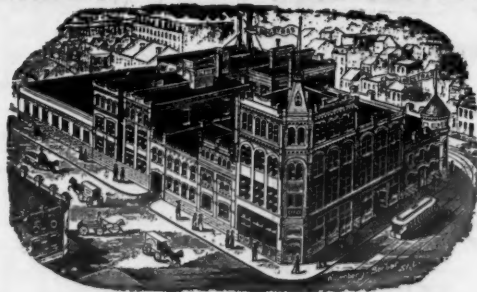
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Old Favorites

THEOCRITES.

Galveston, Tex., Oct 19, 1905.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have read Ernest McGaffey's article in the MIRROR in which he declares that the best poem written by Oscar Wilde is "Theocritus." Will you print it that we may know it.

ELLEN O'DAY.

(Vilanelle.)

O Singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O Singer of Persephone!

Simætha calls on Hecate
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate:
O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate:
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,
For thee the iocund shepherds wait,
O Singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

A Fable of Two Maidens

Once there Were two Maidens who Sought to Catch a Nice Young Man, who also Was a Good Thing. And it was a False Start in the Eyes of the Undiscerning, for the One was Exceedingly Fair to Look upon, and Dressed Stylishly, while the Other was Plain of Countenance, and her Rat was Always Showing through her Pompadour. The Pretty Girl Smiled Sweetly on the Nice Young Man, who was also a Good Thing, and Talked to Him, till She Dazzled Him with her Beauty and charmed Him with her Wit. The Plain One gazed Wonderingly at Him, and Made Him Talk to her of Divers Things, while She listened, Entranced at his Wisdom and Learning. He took the Pretty Girl out Riding and to the Theater, and Bought her Candy and Flowers, and all the Knowing Ones said She had struck a Winning Gait on the Homestretch, when One Day he Married the Plain Girl, and took Her on an Automobile wedding Tour of Europe.

The Pretty Girl had Made Him Very much Pleased with Her, but the Plain Girl had Gone her One Better, and Made Him Very much More Pleased with Himself.

Moral: The People who Read Human Nature as they Run Generally get First to the Wire.—Baltimore American.

Madge—Did Charlie propose to you out in the auto? Dolly—I thought he was going to, but he didn't. When he got down on his knees, it was only to crawl under the old machine.—Puck.

"Did Maud and Clara kiss and make up?" "They kissed and spoiled their make-up."—Ex.



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The Westliche Post's New Million Dollar Home

On a site already associated with the early history of St. Louis journalism, where the old St. Louis *Times* once was housed, the northeast corner of Broadway and Chestnut street, *The Westliche Post*, the greatest and oldest German daily paper of St. Louis and the West, is to have a new, modern newspaper palace and office building.

The ground has already been secured, and the work of razing the old structures now thereon will commence as soon as possible, so that actual work on the new structure may be begun at the earliest. According to present calculations, it is thought the building will be ready for occupancy about August 1906.

The new Westliche Post building will be a fitting monument, not only to its founders' enterprise, but to the city's faith in the paper, and the paper's belief in the city's stability, growth and general prosperity. The site itself, a business maelstrom, as it were, the center of the city's longest and oldest thoroughfares, Broadway, opposite the Court House, could not have been more happily chosen, both for its early associations and its lasting commercial importance. On this commanding location the magnificent modern skeleton steel construction building, thirteen stories in height, and containing every convenience and improvement necessary to the rapid issuance of newspapers, and many departures that will be welcomed by office occupants, will be erected under the supervision of Architect H. F. Roach. It will be not only an ornament to St. Louis' busiest down-town street, but it will also be an evidence of the expansion that is going on in the World's Fair city.

The structure is to be in Renaissance style, of dark red color and red terra cotta trimmings. Without and within the ornamentation is to be in true artistic note, simplicity; outside by a well-balanced system of lines and planes in sympathy with the style of architecture will be employed, and within all the aesthetic features will be maintained intact.

There will be 193 offices in all in this handsome structure, 15 on each

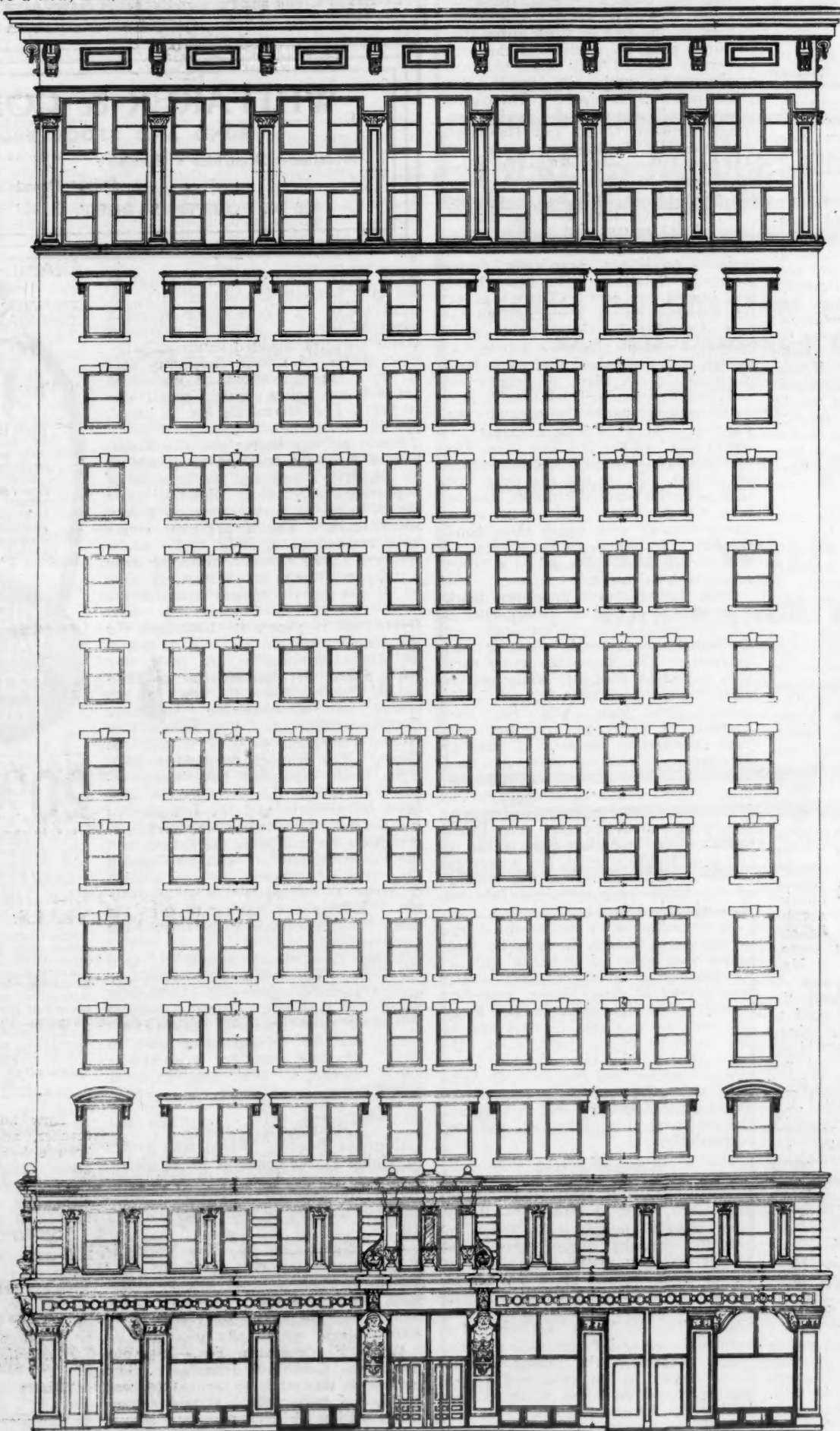
floor. The spacious basement and ground floor will be set apart, of course, as the press rooms and business offices respectively, of the great St. Louis German daily, and none but the finest and fastest presses operated by the *Westliche Post's* own power plant, and the most artistic office furnishings are to be

utilized when they are ready for this step in the great enterprise. The airy top floor, or attic, is to be occupied by the linotypers and ad setters and stereotypers, and the editorial and art departments will be on one of the upper floors, perhaps the twelfth.

The other offices will be desirable to men and women of various professions. Each of them is to be supplied with a telephone without extra charge to the occupant, quite a departure in the office furnishing line in St. Louis, and on one of the convenient floors, perhaps in the upper part of the structure, a cafe, or delicatessen is to be installed for the benefit of tenants, employees and guests or clients.

Three elevators of moderate speed will be operated day and night, while the building is occupied by any of its tenants, and in many other essentials it will be found to be one of the most comfortably appointed office buildings in the city, the equal, if not the superior of the other newspaper homes for which St. Louis is justly famous.

Probably the fact that *The Westliche Post* has for nearly forty years occupied a prominent location on this same commercial artery of trade, Broadway, may account for the comparative lateness of the change now soon to be consummated. But in coming nearer the city's great pulsating center *The Westliche Post* is but fulfilling the mission of years. The men in charge of the paper have ever sought to move along the line of the best progress and ever to reflect the good will reposed of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley. The rights of the people never had a stauncher champion than the Nestor of German journalism in America, Dr. Emil Preetorius, editor in chief of *The Westliche Post*, and the outspoken, incorruptible advocate of the people's cause at all times. With him in later years have been associated in the management of the paper, his son, Mr. Edward L. Preetorius, and Mr. John Schroers, whose safe and progressive conduct of the affairs of the five publications, *The Westliche Post*, *Abend Anzeiger*, *Die Mississippi Blaetter* and other weekly editions, and their ready and liberal co-operation with all public affairs of worth shows not only the skill of their venerable preceptor, but their intelligent aptitude for the duties of an onerous calling.



The Stock Market

The past week's transactions in Wall street were again on a sliding scale, with selling pressure strongly in evidence in all directions. Despite ingenious stock-jobbing machinations in Delaware & Hudson, American Locomotive and Reading, the rank and file of traders thought it the better policy to lighten their loads and cast anchors to windward. The general action of the market was decidedly disquieting. There was a jerkiness in sporadic rises that indicated hidden trouble. Taken all in all, the present speculative position on the stock exchange is not calculated to create confidence in the stability of values latterly established.

The banks are said to be more discriminating in extending accommodation to Wall street borrowers. They are evidently somewhat uneasy over the general appearance of things. Monetary developments on the other side of the Atlantic are not relished by anybody qualified to diagnose and prognose things. All investment issues in London and on the Continent are on the down grade. British consols are constantly depreciating. The depreciation from week to week does not amount to much, still it is noticeable enough to attract attention among the thinking elements. Paris is badly disturbed over the news of Russia. Many thousand Frenchmen hold blocks of Russian bonds. Berlin is equally depressed and agitated. The speculative and monetary position there is dangerously strained. The Bank of Germany's drastic measures to curtail loans are spreading consternation on the Bourses.

It may, therefore, be truthfully stated that the present situation does not favor higher values. Conditions throughout the civilized world call urgently for a reaction. A sharp lowering of quotations would be highly beneficial in the end. There's no use talking about record-breaking prosperity as a pious argument in favor of another boost all around, when most investment shares and bonds have already risen to a prohibitive level. Besides, where's the profit in buying stocks yielding but a pittance on the investment, when call and time money rates are from 4 to 5 per cent? There's, at this time, not sufficient money available with which to engineer and maintain another boom, but there would be a sufficiency if the loan account were to be reduced some fifty millions more. After January 1st the money market should gradually resume more normal conditions. By that time, the interior banks will again send their surplus funds to New York, there to be employed more profitably than at home.

The sterling exchange rate at New York is steadily creeping upward. At this writing, it is not far from the point at which gold can be shipped to Europe at a profit. The late sharp advance in the rate caused considerable surprise, inasmuch as it did not harmonize with the recent and prospective enlargement of our exports. Exchange bills are in scant supply. This being the case, it must be assumed, perforce, that New York banks are either paying back the funds recently borrowed from European bankers, or that British and German speculators are selling part of their holdings of American securities in order to strengthen their home position. It may also be that French banks intend to withdraw gold from this side, so as to fortify themselves against possible financial perils to grow out of the Russian revolutionary propaganda, and a consequent sharp fall in securities. The present existing international position in finance is in some of its aspects similar to that which led to gold shipments from New York in November, 1901. Another explanation for the

anomalous foreign exchange situation is, that New York bankers put out too many short lines some months ago, in expectations of a reaction in exchange quotations in the late autumn. These short contracts now have to be covered.

Harriman's late declaration that we may soon enter upon a period of keen competitive railroad construction merely added to the feeling of gloom in the Trinity Church precincts. Rivalry in railroad building, rate-cutting, secret or open enmity between the railroad dictators, all these are things thoroughly loathed by the bullish stock speculator. In times gone by, matters of this sort frequently induced Wall street to throw disastrous fits, with the result that prices went all to pieces. There's increasing evidence of badly strained relations between Gould and Harriman, with the Hill faction coquetting with the former magnate. Gould's Western Pacific has sorely ruffled the amiable spirit of the ambitious Harriman.

It is believed that the new Russian loan of £52,000,000 will not be issued till the early part of 1906. Prevailing ominous conditions practically forbid an earlier flotation. The new bonds will bear 4 per cent. There's as yet no apprehension of a default on the part of the Russian Government on its coupons within the near future, although it is recognized that some readjustment, in the shape of conversion and consolidation, will eventually have to be resorted to. The present outstanding debt of Russia amounts to 600,000,000. In the last few days, Russian securities, especially the 4s, dropped 600,000,000. In the last few days, Russian securities especially the 4s, dropped from 3 to 5 points. But for the astonishing tenacity with which these bonds are held by French money-savers, recent events would have led to a calamitous crash in prices.

Rock Island shares developed marked weakness of late, in consequence of the unfavorable annual statement and the equally unfavorable showing for September. The September gross earnings increased \$601,504, while net indicated a gain of only \$21,128. The gain in gross since July 1st, 1905, amounts to \$2,023,670, with net earnings showing an increase of \$223,657. Strictures are making upon the management's policy of the past two or three years, which allowed much less for general improvement work than should have been the case. The Frisco earnings for September showed an increase of \$6,898 in gross, and a decrease in net of \$239,642. The net earnings of the latter company, since July 1st, show a loss of \$218,415.

In connection with the late brisk rise in equipment shares, it must be mentioned that some of them, in spite of the passing of dividends, have latterly been selling at their highest prices on record. The highest on Car and Foundry common was 41 3/4 in 1903, and on the preferred 93, in January of the same year. The top price on Locomotive common and preferred, in April, 1902, was 36 3/8 and 100 1/4 respectively. Pressed Steel common sold at 65 3/4, and the preferred at 96 1/2 in 1903 and 1902 respectively.

Local Securities.

The tendency in local issues, in the past week, was downward. Buyers were wary in making bids, being, apparently somewhat out of sorts, owing to the break in prices in Wall street. In no direction was there any notable inquiry or activity. Transactions were small and generally at lowering quotations. The public is not inclined to indulge in extensive speculation at this time. However, the selling pressure is not severe in any case, and a good decline would doubtless result in keen buying by bargain-hunters.

Bank of Commerce is selling at

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341 1/4, Mechanics-American National at 329, and Missouri-Lincoln at 141 1/2. A small lot of St. Louis Union found a buyer at 382. A lot of 25 shares of Commonwealth changed hands at 344 1/2. Five shares of Credit Indemnity sold at 177. Third National is quoted at 324 bid, 328 asked, with a small sale at 325. For Mercantile 401 is asked, 398 bid.

Street railway shares are also lower. United Railways common is quoted at 81 bid, 81 1/2 asked, and the common is neglected at 29 1/4 bid. Sales in these shares in the last week were on a very small scale. The 4 per cent bonds have receded to 87 bid, 87 1/4 asked. National Candy common displayed some activity, with sales at 9 1/2 and 9 3/4. One lot of 100 shares changed hands at the latter figure. For Candy first preferred 98 is asked, no bids, and for the second preferred 73 is bid, 74 asked. St. Louis Brewing 6s are 101 1/4 bid, 101 1/2 asked. For Laclede Gas 5s 108 1/2 is bid, 108 3/4 asked. A lot of 100 shares of Westinghouse Automatic Coupler sold at 31. For Kansas City Home Telephone 5s 95 1/2 is bid, 96 asked. For Kinloch 6s 109 1/4 is bid.

St. Louis capitalists have lately secured control of the Terre Haute Citizens' Independent and the Indianapolis Independent Telephone Companies. Negotiations are still being carried on with the Eastern capitalists who are backing the proposed combine of independent concerns, to be capitalized at \$50,000,000. Efforts are making to get the local Kinloch Company to enter the combination.

Money rates remain firm at 4 1/2 to 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are quoted at 20 discount bid, 15 discount asked. Last week's bank clearances amounted to \$54,502,403, against \$59,852,441 for the corresponding week in 1904. Sterling exchange is quoted at 48 7/8, Berlin at 95 1/4, and Paris at 5.16 1/4.

Answers to Inquiries.

Constant Reader—Would take profits on Union Pacific common, by all means. Prospects favor lower prices. Rock Island common no purchase at present, and will not be until after January 1st.

G. T., Sioux City, Ia.—New York Air Brake pays 8 per cent dividends per annum. Stock sold at 196, in April, 1902, which was top. Consider this a most dangerous speculation for a small trader.

W. B. F., Corsicana, Tex.—Let your Tennessee Coal and Iron go. The highest on this stock so far in 1905, was 106 1/2, the lowest 68. Would recommend selling Frisco common second preferred. Poor speculation.



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"Now boys," said a Sunday-school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "can either of you tell me anything about Good Friday?" "Yes, ma'am, I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class; "he was the fellow that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

Friend—What's that big box on the front of your machine? *Automobilist*—That's a camera for taking moving pictures. You see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I photograph it as I go along—*L'illustration*.

"Did you visit Paris on your trip abroad?" "Almost." "Almost? What do you mean by that?" "Well, you see, I had my wifie with me."—*Life*.

The Garden of Allah

By THOMAS STEWART McNICHOLL.

Undoubtedly one of the most notable novels of the year is Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah." Surely never before was the Great Desert so endowed with life and personality, so gifted with potent voices, so convincingly placed before our eyes as in this brilliant book. A novel it is not, in spite of its many pages and some attempts at analyzing character, but it is above all, the Romance of the Sahara. In it are found as nowhere else, the mystery and fascination of that great sun-kissed land, and its peculiar children. To most of us Sahara conveys no meaning save as a huge barren spot on the map, an arid region devoid of life and interest, an ocean of sand and nothing more. But of late it has been revealed as quite a populous place with its many wandering tribes, numerous fertile tracts and many villages. This book of Hichens' with its felicitous title is a peep into this strange desert world. The desert is the Garden of Allah, and in many ways its dusky children are peculiarly Allah's own. Here, where the sun beats down with fearful force, men are brought very close to primal things. Nature works her will in her creatures unhindered by conventions, unhampered by restraint. Everything is intense, the love making, the fighting, the faith and the mysticism. And even as we associate the camel with the desert, so are we compelled to connect it in our thoughts with the religion of Mahomet. As one of the characters in this story says: "Everywhere in the desert are men praying to Allah." There is something in the fatalism of Islam, and its frank acceptance of the sensuous and the sensual in the nature of man which makes it suit this desert land. As Carlyle has painted it, "Savage inaccessible rock mountains, great grim deserts, alternating with beautiful strips of verdure; wherever water is, there is greenness, beauty; odoriferous balm shrubs, date trees, frankincense trees. Consider that wide waste horizon of sand empty, silent, like a sand sea, dividing habitable place from habitable. You are all alone there, left alone with the universe; by day a fierce sun blazing down on it with intolerable radiance; by night the great deep heaven with its stars. Such a country is fit for a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men." Here Islam was born and over all the desert land is still supreme. "Allah Akbar," God is great, is the one sound through all the desert as men bow in prayer with faces toward the holy city. But in spite of such fierce devotion, the Cross, that glorious symbol of

renunciation, has invaded the desert, and here and there and everywhere its pale standard challenges the glittering crescent.

Something of all this is found in this Hichens' story. We see also, the nautch girls, with their sensual muscle dance, their wild and furious dagger dance, and not only see the surface manifestation, but something of the underlying causes. Here are the fetish worshippers, at their queer incantations, their fire-eating, and their walking upon sharp knives. We see the sand-charmer with contorted features, painfully extracting the secrets of the future from the glittering grains, and over all is the perfume and the music of the sensuous East.

There is a vein of mysticism in this desert story, which has no counterpart in recent fiction, unless it be in that splendid "Aylwin" of Watts-Dunton, not yet forgotten by many a reader. In "Aylwin" the threads of mysticism are woven around the strange saying of Ja'afar. "Bold is the donkey driver, O Ka'dee! and bold the Ka'dee who dares to say what he will believe, what disbelieve—not knowing the mind of Allah, not knowing in any wise his own heart, and what it shall one day suffer." In the "Garden of Allah," it circles around the Song of the Freed Slave:—

"No one but God and I
Know what's in my heart."

Robbed of its essential theme, the life and fascinations of the Great Desert, the story, as a story, would not command much attention. Indeed, it is rather repulsive at times and some will be unable to read it, or find it interesting—as was notably the case with the Editor of the MIRROR, about two months ago. An Englishwoman who is seeking peace from vexatious memories of a scandal in the lives of her parents is wooed by the seduction of the desert and the peace which it seems to promise. She goes to North Africa and on the very borders of the Great Desert her sluggish life is stirred, and from a desire for mere peace and rest, she is led to make a passionate prayer for life and the ability to feel deeply and keenly all that life can mean. She feels in some mysterious way that that is what "the call of the wild" means to her, and that her prayer is to be answered in the Garden of Allah. Her first real sight of the desert is colored by the sudden and mysterious vision of a powerful but uncouth man. Together they enter the Desert Land, and she ever after connects him with the place and her prayer. As they journey on together she finds this man to be a mystery who fascinates her, even while he repels. He is coarse, ignorant and rude, but physically and mentally powerful, and from the very first, she realizes that he is deeply interested in her. She is a devout Catholic, and her curiosity about this strange man is intensified by the discovery of his avoidance of the desert priest and his flight from prayer in the desert. His evident suffering awakens a kind of mother-love in her, a desire to heal and to save. The desert influences are at work, and in spite of the warning of the priest and another friend she has made in the desert, the European convert to Mahomet, and the owner of the wonderful garden, and in spite of her own original aversion, the inevitable happens, and she falls in love with the stranger. It was *Kismet* and, to her pure mind, the Hand of a designing Providence. The wooing which follows is fierce and strange, and there comes the fatal marriage and the queer journey into the depths of the desert. There is a season of rapturous life, full and complete, and then, revelations, which, in one sense, wreck their lives and happiness forever, but in another, uplift, save, and purify them both. For the mysterious man turns out to be a

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renegade Trappist monk, false to his severe vows. Of a Russian father and an English mother, the call of life and liberty in him, for a season at least, outweighed all the sacred obligations and the tremendous call of duty, and in a passionate demand for freedom and knowledge, he runs away, and in the desert, meets the woman of the story. There can be, there is no peace in his new found Eden. His terrible secret, his awful crime, crushes him, and he almost welcomes the hour of revelation. The horror of the revelation to the devout woman is well depicted. Her awful soul-struggle with her horror, her sense of outrage, and her love—and finally her awakened sympathy for the stricken man, brings out the victory. Back over the desert road to the little village where the unholy marriage was made, she took the unhappy man—then, confession and eternal separation. Right to the very doors of the monastery, she escorted him, and then, eternal farewell; for him, the black hood, the rigid penance and the everlasting silence; for her, the Garden of Allah—with her child.

Such is the "Garden of Allah." There is now and then a touch of realism in it, as when the pure Englishwoman witnesses the muscle dance for the first time and from repulsion is led to wonder wherein and why resides the undoubted attraction it possesses for these dusky Arabs. Another, is a night walk down the street of the desert town's "maisons de joie." But it is as the Romance of the Sahara, that the book will be remembered. (Frederick S. Stokes Co., New York.)

The State Manual

"The Official Manual of the State of Missouri for 1905-1906" has just been issued and distributed among the State and city officers and newspapers, by Secretary of State John E. Swanger. The manual contains historical and statistical information of the State, its statesmen, past and present, its progress, its population, its wealth and its elections. The contents are almost wholly based upon official reports, and where these were not obtainable, upon the very best and unprejudiced sources of information. One of the most interesting tables shows the taxable wealth of Missouri to be \$1,555,402,647. The State revenue tax on this amount is \$1,735,715.68, and the State interest tax on the same \$231,820.88. The volume is illuminated with half-tone portraits of all the State officers, and of all the State Senators and Representatives, as well as the two United States Senators.

Edwin Stevens, when he made up his mind to tackle vaudeville, for the first round selected Manager Meyerfelt, founder of a well-known circuit. The manager had a gruff manner and a German accent, and was, moreover, very busy. Turning on Mr. Stevens brusquely, he exclaimed: "Vell, vat do you vant?" "I would like to go into vaudeville," responded the candidate, meekly. "Vat do you do—vat is your line?" "I am a comedian," was the modest but general answer. "A komiker, hein?" and the manager faced him sternly. "Vell, make me laugh."

"You must change this ending," said the theatrical manager; "I want a play that ends happily." "All right," replied the obliging dramatist; "I'll have my hero and heroine divorced in the last act."—Philadelphia Record.

Christian Science mother—Eleanor, what is the matter? Christian Science child—Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error of the mind in my stomach.—Medical Journal.



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Catalogue and information on request. Visitors welcome.

"Bob Smith is sick abed." "Has he got anything dangerous?" "Well, he's got young Dr. Jones."—Town Topics.

Doctor—Do you talk in your sleep? Patient—No, I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman.—Brooklyn Life.

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FRANCIS WILSON

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Comedy

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A FAIR EXCHANGE

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KING OF THE WILD WEST

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After Moliere's "Tartuffe."

GAYETY 14th and Locust Streets. Matinees Daily.

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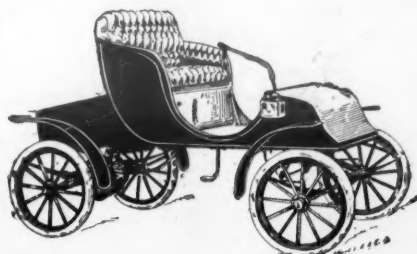
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